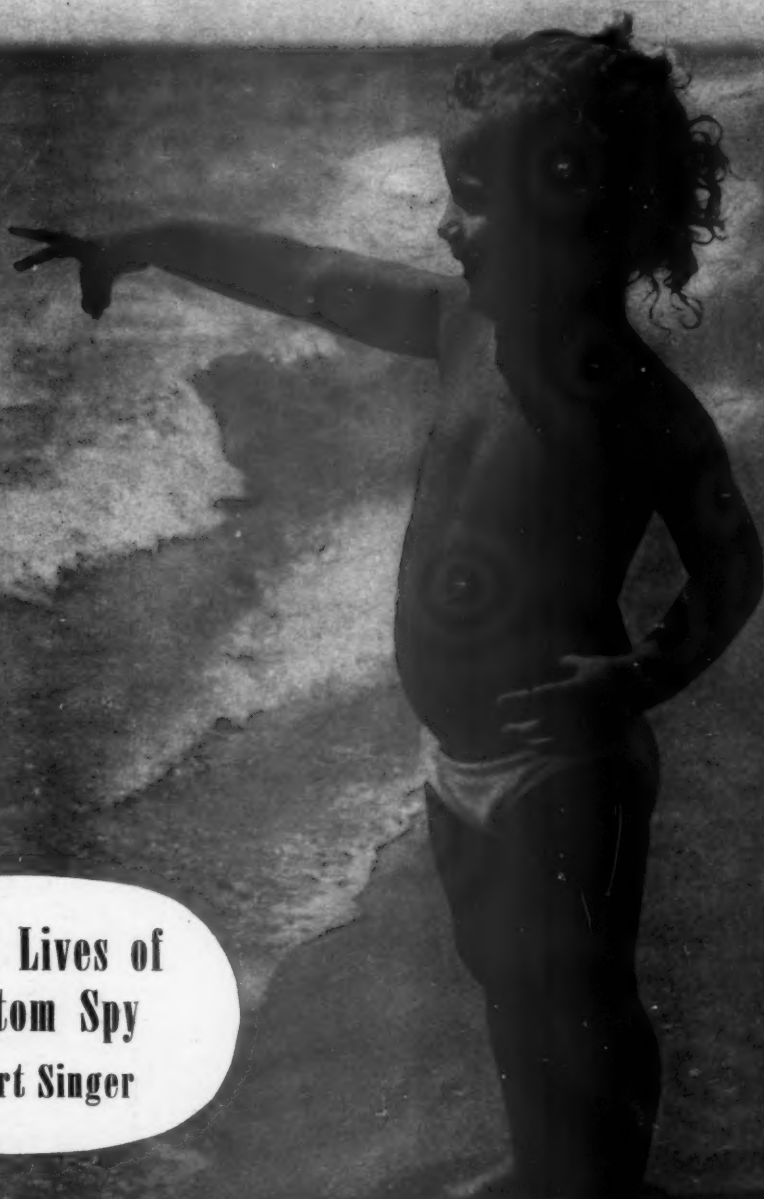




August 25¢

The Sign National Catholic Magazine



**Secret Lives of
an Atom Spy
by Kurt Singer**

FREEDOMS FOUNDATION

MEDAL OF HONOR

AWARD

TO

The **Sign**



FRONT
VIEW
OF
MEDAL



REVERSE

For an Editorial

Entitled

THE

WELFARE

STATE

By

Rev. Ralph Gorman, C.P.

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The **Sign**

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Sign Building, Union City, N. J.

The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC
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Editor's page

Action at Last

EVENTS in Korea have proven with a tragic finality the frightful ineptness of our foreign policy in the Far East. Beginning with Yalta, our State Department and its so-called expert advisers have led us on a course of weakness, vacillation, appeasement, retreat, and surrender. At every crisis they have wrung their hands, protested their faith in the U.N., denounced aggression, retreated, and then surrendered. Their maximum effort has been to declare that we would take all necessary steps—short of war.

It was that short-of-war theme that gave the Communists the courage to attack just as it gave Hitler the courage in 1939. They concluded that if we didn't have the guts to fight, then they were free to take over what they wanted.

The great significance of the fact that we have changed this do-nothing policy for one of action is that in a war with Russia we shall not fight alone or almost alone. If we had failed to take action in Korea our friends and allies in Asia, in the Middle East, and in Europe would have come to the conclusion that we either could not or would not help them in case of need. They would have dissociated themselves from us either by declaring their neutrality or by making the best possible terms with Soviet Russia. Success or defeat in this particular theater of operations is not near so important as the fact that we have shown that we are not soft, capitalist cowards as we are pictured, but that we are willing to fight for our principles.

If a shooting war with Russia should come, there can be no doubt about our course of action. If some time is given us before such an eventuality, there are certain steps which we should take with all possible speed. Here are some of the more important:

We should give up for the present all idea of concluding a peace treaty with Germany, Japan, or Austria. To make peace with them now and withdraw American troops would be to leave them exposed to a Communist attack similar to that made on Southern Korea.

In both Europe and Asia the U. S. should give

precedence to military over economic help. Economic reconstruction is a long-term objective, military aid is an immediate and dire necessity. The non-Communist nations need guns more than they need butter or refrigerators.

We should cast aside all scruples about rearming West Germany, especially in view of the fact that the Reds have rearmed East Germany. The day is now past when we can hesitate over possible future German aggressions. We are all under the same dire and present threat and must act accordingly.

We should ignore the military clauses in the peace treaty with Italy and help her to rearm as completely and quickly as possible. The Russians have rearmed their East European satellites and we shall gain nothing but defeat in the Mediterranean by enforcing disarmament on Italy alone.

We should stop wooing Tito and help arm Spain. The dispute between Tito and Stalin is a squabble over who is boss in a vast international crime syndicate. Both are bloody monsters in human form and in the last ditch would probably stand together, as they both stood against us in the Korean trouble. On the other hand Franco, in spite of obvious defects in his regime, is our friend and an enemy of our enemies.

AS WE have repeated so often, nothing but military power will stop Soviet Russia. As things are now we are not ready for war and the Reds know it. If they do not attack us it will be only because their own preparations are not yet complete.

We should use any time that is given us to build up our military power, to mobilize our industry and manpower, and to assist our allies in every way possible. However little we may like it, the time has come for us to adopt the totalitarian tactic of preferring guns to butter. To those who say we can't afford to do it the obvious reply is, we can't afford not to do it.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current



Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Harrie & Ewing

Everyone seems to be happy, and rightly so, as the President signs a new DP bill. It means another chance at happiness for many long-suffering people of Europe.



N.C.W.C. photo

This curly topped Ukrainian girl is one of many who will benefit by new DP bills. She and her parents came to this country through aid of N.C.W.C. War Relief Services.

You may like the program. But do you know that the program is nominating you for a date with a concentration camp? That is how it is with a lot of radio and television entertainment.

National Security: \$1.00

You spin the dial and a dreamy tenor voice sings about how wonderful it is to be alive and in love in America. But the tenor is thinking of an America

plastered all over with blown up snapshots of Lenin and Stalin, and humming with an industry that is manned from slave labor camps.

If you are a decent American, you will want to know about this. You will want to know who, in the entertainment field, is rightly suspected of being pro-Soviet, and anti-American.

Now you can find out about it for a dollar. In June, the publishers of *Counterattack*, the weekly newsletter which compiles facts for the fight against Communism, published in book form their findings concerning Communist tie-ups of well-known figures in the field of radio and television.

It is a very convenient checklist. If an entertainer's loyalty score would cool you off in his regard, you are entitled to know the score. And you can find it in this book, *Red Channels*, by running down the list alphabetically. The listing will tell you what tainted groups he or she played around with.

This social register of the fronts and frontiers will also put you wise to the loyalty record of the various organizations which boisterously endorse or protest public issues. This is an important service, because even papers which boast of the completeness of their reporting leave you to think that certain groups represent a wholesome American point of view when actually, where the party line is concerned, they are more faithful than a pet dog.

These same papers never fail to inject the Catholic element into the news. They must tell the number of Sander jurors who were Catholics. They must insist that the Social Christian Party in Belgium, which advocates the return of Leopold, is the Catholic Party. And they must point out that Catholics oppose Zionist excesses in Palestine, as if Protestants had no interest in the matter and Catholics were just being anti-Semitic. In all such cases, the implication is that the cause must be a bit unsavory since Catholics are behind it.

But when a cluster of exclusively pro-Communist organizations jam a Board of Education hearing to claim some violation of civil rights, or when they present a testimonial to somebody who wants us to let Russia get away with murder, there is never a word as to their loyalty record. You would get the idea that they were as reputable as the Continental Congress.

We will not have to put up with this situation any more—thanks to the publishers of *Counterattack*. When these groups begin to squawk about anything, we can just flip the pages of *Red Channels* and see at a glance where they stand.

Besides being a convenient "Who's Who on the Loyalty Front," the book offers many incidental services. It may come



Philip Bart, of Communist Daily Worker, refused to answer question of Un-American Activities Com.—afraid of self-incrimination! We need clarification of this right.



A brigade of the enemy in our midst! Veterans of Abraham Lincoln Brigade who fought for Stalin in Spain protest a loan to Franco and ask Red leaders' immediate release.



These eight New York teachers stand trial for refusing to say whether they are Communists. This check up in New York is laudable—would that all cities did same.

as a shock to learn that the charming Mistress of Ceremonies on your television screen would probably have you shot if the Commies took over. Or that an impersonator, who deliciously mimics Durante, Hepburn, Crosby, and the rest, is doing his biggest impersonation when he poses as a real American. But the shock will teach the valuable lesson that Communists and their little helpers act like normal, honest people. You cannot protect yourself from them by depending on appearances. You must count on authorities who have reliable facilities for investigation.

You will also be able to draw your own conclusions about groups who hire entertainers with tainted records. There are plenty of first-class entertainers who are also loyal Americans. But Communists have a powerful grip on many of the better spots in radio and television. For their own convenience, networks and sponsors may be inclined to take chances with Red personnel until consumer resentment rises to the danger point. Being a consumer, you may want to register your reaction to such lack of interest or caution. Perhaps by writing a polite but firm letter of protest. Or perhaps even by bestowing your patronage in some other direction.

We recommend *Red Channels*. In the near future, it could be more essential to American life than the dictionary.

THE Rev. Dr. Harold S. Rambo, pastor of the Adams-Parkhurst Memorial Church in New York City, attended the Presbyterian General Assembly in Cincinnati. Being a delegate of the New York Presbytery, he reported to that group on his return. His opinion of the Assembly's Communion Service is interesting. Tradition-

Goose-stepping To God

ally, the Assembly opens with a mammoth Communion Service, and did so on this occasion. The text of the service had been printed and distributed to the delegates.

Dr. Rambo objected to the mass Communion Service because it conveyed the impression that the Communicants were "goose-stepping to God." He objected also to the fact that the service had been printed: "When the Moderator read his prayer, one could hear the pages rustle as the delegates followed and checked every word." Dr. Rambo prefers more spontaneity in prayer: "I like to pray in my own way, with more freedom for a deeper searching of the heart." He considered the ceremony impressive; but thought it rather sterile and devoid of spiritual uplift.

The Doctor's position calls our attention to the depth and unanimity of the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist. As a condition for receiving the Eucharist fruitfully, a Catholic does not require any refined and elating sentiment, which is probably what Dr. Rambo means by "spiritual uplift." To the Catholic, the Eucharist is not exactly euphoric, designed to suffuse the human spirit with a dreamy awe which makes religion feel nice. Rather the Eucharist is a conflagration in the deepest chambers of the soul—a supernatural explosion or eruption, powerful beyond the carbon cycle of a thousand suns. It transmutes what is human into something divine. But this cataclysm can come off without stirring any kind of esthetic or churchy "lift." It can by-pass all feeling, and is as compatible with a headache as with a heartfelt of romance.

The Communicant needs only to provide a certain basic integrity. The sacramental service does the rest. That the locale of the service happens to be a Cincinnati convention hall buzzing with the movement of nine hundred delegates thumbing nine hundred programs, does not dilute the force of the Eucharist—if it is truly the Eucharist. That a Christian feels he is "goose-stepping to God" and that his prayers are neither ready nor sweet, cannot interfere with the profound metabolism which comes of dining on the body and blood of Christ. Given basic dispositions, the only thing that can

shackle the divine dietary value of the Eucharist is not to receive it.

This is the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist as it would apply to Dr. Rambo's case. Quite naturally, therefore, he seems to us to be afflicted with most curious Eucharistic scruples. Probably his scruples look almost as odd to other members of his own faith. After all, the Lord did say: "This do in remembrance of me." That is how the King James Bible puts it. But the Bible does not go on to qualify the mandate by saying: Don't bother with this ceremony at large religious conventions—especially if you get the silly feeling that you are goose-stepping to God.

While the pastor of the Adams-Parkhurst Church has provided us with this occasion for taking out and admiring one of the loveliest of Catholic doctrines, let us pray for him and his colleagues who have gotten so far from the ancient Faith which the whole Western World once held in common.

CURRENTLY, there are two distinct movements toward unity on the labor front, and both bear watching. One is the long-sought goal of a merger between the CIO and the AFL. The other is the directive of the

Communist-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions for its American followers to "coordinate their efforts on a

Two Attempts at Labor Unity

national scale with a view to achieving unified action and to orienting progressively the trade unions of the United States." The unfortunate part of the matter is that the merger of the CIO and the AFL will probably again be postponed while a united front of Communist unions will probably be realized.

Ever since that day in 1936 when the American Federation of Labor cast out one million of its members, who thereupon formed the Congress of Industrial Organizations, it has been evident to every student of the problem that for labor peace and the good of the individual worker an organic reunion is imperative.

It will be recalled that Philip Murray, CIO president, began the movement toward unity this year by inviting not only the AFL but independent groups like the Association of Machinists, the United Mine Workers, and the Railroad Brotherhoods, to take part in the peace talks. Most of these groups accepted eagerly. However, the AFL, while signifying its willingness, insisted that before holding any conference which would include the huge independent groups, the CIO and the AFL should meet and settle their own differences first. Mr. Murray agreed, and herein lies the tragedy.

For without the help of men like Al J. Hayes of the machinists and John L. Lewis of the miners, both of whom are ardent for organic unity, Mr. Murray is in a very much weakened bargaining position vis-à-vis the AFL. His own numerical strength has been greatly reduced by the expulsion of the Communist unions from the CIO. Indeed, the comparative strength of the AFL and CIO is roughly eight million to four. Add to this that the men with whom Mr. Murray must talk peace include the very same AFL leaders who expelled the CIO membership fourteen years ago, and it is evident that the hoped-for reunion is still a long way off.

Meanwhile, Harry Bridges, whose union of longshoremen is awaiting expulsion from the CIO on charges of following the Communist party line, has been empowered by the longshoremen's executive board to carry out the directive of the WFTU and rally all Communist unions "for their own mutual advantage and protection." The ironical twist in the whole matter is that the very thing that has weakened Mr. Murray in dealing with the AFL, namely the expulsion of the CIO Communist unions, is precisely the source of Mr. Bridges' strength.

And so, instead of unity under responsible leadership for American Labor, look for a third federation made up of the



A map of war-torn Korea. A Red conquest here will mean more than a military victory for Stalin—it will give him the satisfaction of destroying the United Nations.



Despite military leaders' advice, the present administration did little to help Asia. Perhaps that accounts for Mr. Acheson's despondent look now that Korea is at war.



U.N. Sec. Trygve Lie talks with John Chang, Korean Ambassador. Red China now calls U.S. an aggressor for helping Korea. The same China Mr. Lie wanted recognized!

Wide World



Rep. Graham Barden, who wrote the bill excluding Catholic schools from federal aid, now heads the committee on education. Chances for a fair bill become even dimmer.

Harria & Ewing



Rear Adm. Hillenkoetter, Chief of Central Intelligence, told Senate group that Korean invasion was expected for over a year. If that's so, tell us why we were unprepared!

Acme

Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers; the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers; the Fur Workers International Union; the United Office and Professional Workers; the United Public Workers; the Farm Equipment Workers; the American Communications Association; the Food, Tobacco, and Agricultural Workers; and, besides the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, the Marine Cooks and Stewards and the Fishermen's Union, both of which have not yet been expelled by the CIO. This will be a formidable federation and one that can do much mischief on the American scene.

In the face of this new movement, it is a pity that the old-guard leadership of the AFL is so short sighted and dim witted. It may be that they think themselves exceedingly shrewd: knowing their own dominance over American labor and the current relative weakness of the CIO, by playing a waiting game they may think yet to preside over the total disintegration of the CIO and absorb its affiliates one by one with nary a concession. In this they forget the dynamism and youth and idealism so characteristic of CIO leaders. They forget that the Reuthers and the Careys, to paraphrase Winston Churchill, did not become their unions' top leaders in order to preside over the liquidation of the CIO's empire. Labor's organic unity is what counts, and it becomes even more necessary in the face of a budding third federation, a Communist federation, a federation that bodes no good for industrial peace.

AN interesting parallel presents itself in connection with the fighting now going on in Korea. Everyone seems to be applauding the solidarity of the nations in backing up the UN

Palestinian Defiance of UN

decision to enforce respect for its authority. Everyone seems to be quite concerned that the Korean Reds be put back in their place, be taught the lesson that they cannot defy the United Nations' will with utter impunity. The Korean aggression has a parallel in Palestine. And what makes the parallel so interesting is that there is no parallel in the reaction of the members of the United Nations to the defiant thwarting of their collective will.

To begin with, the Israelis and the Jordan Arabs partitioned Palestine in defiance of the United Nations. Nothing happened. Nobody was spanked. Now, after five months' labor, the United Nations Trusteeship Council has confessed failure in its attempts to accomplish the internationalization of Jerusalem as directed by the General Assembly of the United Nations. Jerusalem is divided between Jew and Arab, and neither is going to be bothered by any such technicality as a United Nations command. The whole thing is now to be thrown back into the lap of the General Assembly, and the common opinion is that both Israel and Jordan will get away with their defiance, will even be rewarded.

In the practical order, there should be no more difficulty for Israel and Jordan in having Jerusalem and the Holy Places under international control than Virginia and Maryland find difficulty in having the District of Columbia under federal control. In the legal order, neither Israel nor Jordan have any title to Jerusalem. The British mandate from the League of Nations was transferred to the United Nations, and the United Nations has demanded internationalization. In the moral order, neither Israel nor Jordan have any right to keep what they have taken, unless theft be justifiable grounds for ownership.

The whole question of Jerusalem, like that of Palestine, is one wherein aggression has not been penalized. Is the United Nations to accept this outlawry merely because it is a fait accompli? Or are Jews and Arabs, unlike Koreans, privileged with some strange sort of exemption from the rules that bind other nations?

How Communism Exploits Sex

There are no lengths to which the Kremlin's zealots will not go in order to bend men to their wills and control the world

by VINCENT HARTNETT

NOT LONG AGO, newspapers across the country headlined the tragic story of a beautiful young actress who had run away from her home and husband, apparently as the result of acute alcoholism. Eventually she was found and returned home. Shortly afterward, the same unhappy story repeated itself. When the young woman was found this time, her mental condition was such that she had to be committed to an institution.

That much of F.'s story was known to the public. But here is the real story, a story which reveals in all its horror the way Communism exploits sex.

F. had actually been a secret member of the Communist Party. But a happy marriage and a growing realization of the real aims of Communism made her renounce her party membership.

The party always prepares for such attempts at independence. It maintains a "dossier" or file on every member, complete with all available information of an incriminating nature. Applicants for party membership are obliged to fill out an elaborate questionnaire which asks, among other intimate details of their lives, if they have ever committed any crimes, and if so when and where, and did they sustain any convictions. The Review Commission (formerly called the Control Commission—the Gestapo of the party) obtains other intimate information about each member through an elaborate spy system.

This is all filed in the dossier, together with proof of party membership and legal evidence of payments made, if any, for espionage and other illegal

• The subject of this article is not a pleasant one, nor one that the Editors of THE SIGN relish running. And yet the insidiousness of Communists' wiles must be made known in all their evil that Americans may possess alert knowledge.

activities. A master file on each member is sent to Moscow. A copy is kept in this country.

Information about sex offenses is particularly sought. If no such offenses have occurred, the party often sees to it that they do.

The latter diabolical tactic was employed against F. A personable young man, likewise a secret party member, was assigned to the job. He eventually seduced her. What F. did not know was that her pretended lover at once reported his success to party headquarters. Body and soul, he belonged to the Red conspiracy.

When F. announced her intention of breaking away from the party, what was her horror to have a representative of the Review Commission confront her with proof of her adultery! "Stay with us," he threatened her, "or we'll tell your husband and the newspapers all about your affair!"

Panic-stricken, the unfortunate girl sought escape in alcohol. In a drunken

stupor, she finally fled from everything—the fear of exposure, the loss of her husband and ruin of her career, the threatening phone calls at all hours of the day and night. Even after her first return home, the Red underground did not relent. She fled a second time. This time the party let her go. It had taken everything—her honor, her husband, her career, and finally her mind.

Such diabolical tactics naturally arouse utter loathing and anger on the part of the majority of Americans, who still hold fast to our Judaeo-Christian traditions of the nobility of marriage and marital intercourse. Communism, quite aware of the strong public attitude on sex, today strives to disguise its real views on this subject. Even some former party members were never fully aware of the subordination of sex to party strategy.

THIS deception has been fostered by a change in the party line as regards marriage and the family. From the founding of the Communist Party USA in 1919 until the mid-thirties, the party line included contempt of such "bourgeois" institutions as marriage and the family. No disfavor was shown to illicit unions, which were common among party members. Take, for example, Mother Ella Reeve Bloor, a charter member of the party. Maurice Malkin, a former Communist and likewise a charter member, has testified under oath that Mother Bloor was once the "unofficial wife" of Earl Browder, former national secretary (U.S. Senate, *Hearings on S.1832*, Part 2, page 482).

But about 1935 the American Communist Party, obedient to the dictates of the Seventh Congress of the Communist International, began to seek respectability by all tactical means not opposed to essential Leninist-Stalinist dogma. "United front" organizations, ostensibly for this or that idealistic purpose, were set up by the hundreds. The party began to wave the flag and quote the Bible. In deference to prevailing public opinion, party members were instructed to conform, publicly at least, to the traditional code of morality.

UNWED party members living together were urged to marry. Interracial marriages, hitherto encouraged for propaganda purposes, were not advocated. Illicit affairs were frowned upon unless in line with party work. On at least one occasion, Communist National Committeewoman Elizabeth Gurley Flynn actually warned young women members of the party against indulging in promiscuous affairs.

But this was substantially no more than window-dressing, designed to make Communism less distasteful to the American public. Back of the party line, there had never been any basic compromise with Communist dogma. There could never be. Lenin himself had been too blunt and explicit on this point.

"In what sense do we repudiate ethics and morality? . . . We say that our morality is entirely subordinated to the interests of the class struggle of the proletariat. . . . For us, morality is subordinated to the interests of the class struggle and the proletariat" (*Lenin Speaks to the Youth*, International Publishers, 1936, second printing, 1937, pp. 13 ff.).

There, briefly, is the summation of all Communist teaching and practice regarding sex: sex must be subordinated to the interests of Moscow.

Holding such a bestial view of human nature, treating men and women as so many laboratory animals, is it any wonder that Communism has exploited the sexual urge to a hideous degree never before shaming the pages of history?

From his first approach to the party through his early formation, the Communist neophyte is baited with constant opportunities for sexual gratification.

For many, the first steps toward Communism have been taken at high school or college parties and dances, at cocktail parties, or at other social gatherings. At such mixed affairs, the newcomer meets the "party girls." Often as talented as they are attractive, these young women set no limits to their devotion to the cause. By the very fact of their Communist membership, they renounce "bourgeois" or "old-fashioned" morality. If the party orders them to mimeograph

literature or march in picket lines, they do it. If it assigns them to "entertaining" jobs, they do that, too.

Their job does not end with flattering susceptible men who are sought for the party or its front organizations. They subtly indoctrinate their "boy friends" with the party line. They urge them on if they grow hesitant and say, "But that's Communistic!" They solace them and reward them for their services to the cause, going the limit if necessary. They accomplish things which no organizational or agit-prop director ever could.

Naturally, the party girls have been particularly useful in recruiting youth. Membership in the party is open to suitable candidates seventeen years of

**Too
Bad!**



►Some new paintings had been added to his collection, and the proprietor of the swank art gallery had invited some of his wealthy customers to view them.

For several minutes, two women visitors studied a surrealist's garish contribution. Finally, one of them asked indignantly: "Why on earth did they hang that in the place of honor?"

"I guess they couldn't find the artist," her companion replied.

—(Mrs.) Agnes Burt

age and over. Recruiting is extensively undertaken in our colleges and senior high schools. But the appeal of dialectical materialism seems to be ranked second to sex.

Oh, the party has its special youth organizations. American Youth for Democracy, successor to the Young Communist League, has since 1943 been the chief one. In 1945 a special division of AYD called "Friends of the Campus" was set up to infiltrate colleges and universities. Then, as AYD became too well known, other groups like Young Progressives of America and Labor Youth League appeared. But Marx and Stalin have kept backstage, while the boy-meets-girl theme is played up front.

Here are a couple of recent notices in the Communist paper, *The Worker*.

"NEW YEAR'S EVE BALL—Saturday, April 22, NYU-YPA (Young Progressives of America) says, 'Why let the calendar shackle

your libido?' Dancing 8:30—3. New clubroom, 164 Thompson St., in the Village. Fred Scott, vocalist. Refreshments. Subs. 75¢, Couple \$1.25."

"EXTRA!! PEACE TIME Atomic Energy—We're fission for fun at 107 W. 100th St. 8:30 p.m., Saturday, April 22. Dancing, eats & music. Contributions 50¢. LYL (Labor Youth League) Boys of NYU and LYL girls of Hunter College."

Dr. Harry Gideonse, militant anti-Communist president of Brooklyn College, reports a bald-faced method of Communist recruiting:

"A Communist group at an Ohio college recently tried very hard to bring into its ranks a young liberal who was a Phi Beta Kappa and an officer of the Student Council.

"When ideological arguments failed, he was invited to a house off the campus where drinks were served lavishly. He was then told he could bring a girl to the house any time he wanted to, provided he joined the group.

"If he didn't know any girls without bourgeois ideas of morality, he could be introduced to one." (U.S. House of Representatives, *100 Things You Should Know About Communism*, page 59).

Another branch of the so-called American Youth for Democracy was the war-born front, Sweethearts of Servicemen. A former F.B.I. man who spent nine years undercover in the party has described it.

"One of the most ambitious plans of the Communist Party to carry on its subversive work among members of the armed services was the establishment of an organization called SOS, Sweethearts of Servicemen. This group consisted of young women who were instructed to pick up servicemen off the streets and bring them to the SOS club rooms, where they were given liquor, entertainment, and dancing.

"These women would go to any extremes to 'entertain' servicemen and thereby make them more disposed to join in the Communist movement.

"They had no morals or moral standards whatsoever" (U.S. Senate, *Hearings on S.1832*, Part 2, page 558).

THE same expert witness told how seamen and dockworkers were recruited.

"The Communist Party tried to establish cells on all merchant vessels with a particular view to indoctrinating new merchant seamen who were being graduated from the merchant seamen school at Sheepshead Bay.

"One of the ways they worked on the new men was to hold parties for the graduates on shore. There would always be young women party members to take the new seamen in tow, ply them with

THE SIGN

liquor, and keep them under their wings until they became completely intoxicated. These parties were repeated until the seamen became used to dropping in and until they 'paired off' with one particular girl. This girl was to a large extent responsible for the indoctrination job. As in the case of servicemen, the girls went to any extremes to land their victims.

"This tactic—of using women—was worked out around 1941, because the party was having difficulty in recruiting longshoremen, teamsters, and seamen. They were using men organizers. In 1941, it was decided at a closed meeting of my branch [Ed.—Waterfront Section of the Party], which I attended, to send women into the waterfront area for this work. This was a very successful move and recruiting picked up considerably. . . . They [the party girls] were prepared to do—and did—anything that the party assigned or demanded. As I have already pointed out, there was no such thing as morals in carrying out party work or in organization activities" (U.S. Senate, *Hearings on S.1832*, Part 2, pp. 561, 562).

Actually, the party's use of women as bait antedates 1941. One of the most flagrant examples of this was in connection with the organizational convention of the Communist front, National Negro Congress, in Chicago in February, 1936. The former chief investigator of a federal agency has revealed that four hundred white girls were brought from New York to "entertain" the delegates to this convention.

THE same expedient has been used in other activities, such as the "inter-racial camp." It is used again and again in recruiting members from the theatrical world. A leading Negro Communist is notorious for the regular harem of party girls who have been at his call.

He, by the way, is an exception to the general policy that sexual gratification is to be stressed only during the approach to the party and the period of early formation. A party member whose loyalty to Communism was contingent on sexual gratification would never win the coveted designation, "Reliable," on his party dossier in New York State and Moscow.

Incidentally, the theatrical world has afforded some of the most sensational examples of party girls. Beautiful actresses, secret party members, have been and right now are being used to dispose producers, directors, actors, and writers to join the Red underground, or to help hold them in the ranks if they threaten to bolt. And "party boys" are used to help recruit women.

Not long ago, a young actress whose rise in show business has truly been

meteoric was introduced to a young and clever Commy director. The party well knew she was a divorcee and lonely. Her approach to the far left has coincided with his ardent lovemaking. In their case, it ended in marriage. Now she's being "boosted" to the top of the theatrical ladder by Commy and pro-Commy producers and directors, who regard her as a prize acquisition of the so-called "Cultural Division" of the Communist Party.

Where the wooing does end in marriage, it's always dissoluble upon party orders. The girl—or man—may get assigned to a second, a third, or even a fourth job. "Our morality is entirely subordinated to the interests of the class struggle of the proletariat."

One of Hollywood's most glamorous actresses was once married to a musician, likewise a party member. That marriage was terminated. Then she married a well-known actor. Apparently she couldn't "convert" him. They were divorced. Then her name was linked romantically with that of a rather obscure actor. He became affiliated with half a dozen or so Communist fronts

• Some people can stay longer in
an hour than others can in a week.
—WM. DEAN HOWELLS

and causes, and possibly joined the party. He also began to get better jobs from certain people in Hollywood. It may have been only a coincidence. At any rate, her job was done. Lately she has been exercising her charms on a certain singer who was once active in Communist causes, but then disavowed them. Will she be able to hold him for the party? God help him! This woman is extraordinarily effective.

Perhaps to a lesser extent, the party uses women against men in government service and public life. Just a little while ago, an actress who has been very active in the Communist conspiracy married a former congressman. Her sister told a Communist-front meeting: "X (the congressman) isn't a bad guy. But he's got to be taught. Y (the Red wife) and my own fellow are staying up late nights, telling him about the class struggle. He'll be all right!" By the time his wife has told him all she knows about Communism, this former congressman will be deep indeed in the Red conspiracy!

Everyone who reads the papers now knows about the extent of sexual perversion among government employees. Little need be added on this even more unpleasant subject.

Recently, a Washington, D. C. police official testified that there are 3,750 sex perverts in government service in the nation's capital alone. The threat of

exposure is a powerful weapon used by the party against such unfortunates. It has no doubt time and again proved effective in forcing some to betray official secrets or even engage in conspiratorial work for the Red underground. There is even some evidence that Red agents may have led some government employees to homosexuality, in order to "have something on them."

A former high functionary of the State Department was discharged some time ago for this offense. This is common knowledge in Washington. What is not generally known is that this man, while still in office, had at least three clandestine meetings with a top party official, arranged by a former assistant to President Roosevelt!

A HIGH official of the Territory of Hawaii has actually co-operated in schemes that almost won the Islands for Communism. He himself is not a Communist, but he has been blackmailed into co-operation by party agents who know of certain well-hidden moral lapses in his past.

Mention was previously made of the use of men against women. It is worth noting that Communism has often recruited from the ranks of the frustrated, the misfits, the insecure, and the lonely. Women in particular have proved vulnerable. One need only read the advertisements in the party's press to see the almost endless activities and organizations sponsored for those craving companionship and recreation. Among these are "friendship centers" for women without men of their own.

One woman for years acted as a courier and spy against her country, largely because of her infatuation for a man who held an important post in the Red underground. When he died, she left the "apparatus." Her case is unusual. Women are often more fanatical Communists than their husbands or lovers.

For more than a year, a famous actress kept her equally famous actor-husband from disavowing Communism. Another well-known actress actually separated from her husband, who broke from Stalinism.

A third woman, very meek and demure in appearance, reportedly has threatened to have her husband killed if he goes through with his plan to write a book and "tell all" about his former co-workers in the Red underground.

No, there is nothing new about the use of the sex drive to lead men and women to deeds of evil. It is as old as Eve.

But it has remained for the Red world-plotters to exploit sex in ways that the devil himself might have dreamed of!

ON THE DAY I knelt in an army chapel and became a Catholic I was certain that mine was an intellectual conversion. I'd come to the Church through pure reason, I would have said, and believed what I said.

Now, five years later, I know how small a role my intellect played, how great was the role of grace.

How do you begin to tell the story of the most important thing in your life? I became a Catholic on June 15, 1945, but I was years on the road. It began in my home, of course. My parents believed in God and taught us to believe. My mother knelt in prayer each night and taught us to kneel in prayer. My father lived a Christian life that found its expression in his kindness to others, his devotion to his family.

We all of us have a God-ache, and the God-ache was with me early. I must have been no more than five when I used to go into a spare room we had and kneel there in secret before a picture of Jesus cradling a lamb in His arms.

When I was in the fourth grade I started to read all the books I could find. Because I'd always been interested in things religious, I started reading the only Catholic magazine in the public library, *Columbia*, and it was in it that I learned for the first time about the sign of the cross. It intrigued me, and I practiced it in secret.

Every Sunday my brother and I went to Sunday school. It was not always enlightening. We liked the singing of hymns before the classes began, but the classes were more social than spiritual. Our teachers were earnest young men who knew only the meager lessons that had been given them by other earnest young men. I too knew very little except that the God-ache was in me and that it wanted to be satisfied. When I was seventeen I was baptized in the Baptist Church, and when I came up from the water I felt a tingle through my spine.

I hadn't decided exactly what I wanted to be—a newspaperman or a minister. Since it did not seem likely that I could afford to go to college, the decision was made for me. On graduation from high school, I got a job as a reporter on the *Lima News*, a newspaper in a city of about forty-five thousand people. In a year's time I was on the staff of the *Dayton Herald*, writing a daily column and doing fairly well for a fellow of nineteen.

It was here that I came in contact with Catholics again. When Lent came around, I talked to the managing editor. I told him that Lent was too often ignored, that we should observe it. I

Into the LIGHT

What makes a man become a Catholic is always interesting. But when the man is a journalist, a minister, and a soldier, it's fascinating

by DALE FRANCIS

convinced him that we should run a daily Lenten sermon on the front page. I was given the assignment. In my innocence, I contacted the various Protestant ministers in the city. The days went by and the Catholics waited. Finally they protested with great vigor. Why had we carried daily Lenten sermons and never asked for one from a Catholic priest? The incident had its good side—to appease its Catholic readers, our paper hired a man on a part-time basis to serve as Catholic reporter.

That spring I went through a spiritual conflict. I felt myself drifting away from things I wanted. I decided that, if I were ever to be a minister, I'd better make the decision immediately. So I told the editor that at the end of summer I would leave the paper, go to college, and begin my preparation for the ministry. I enrolled at Ohio Northern University. The next year I transferred to a school that fitted me better. Bluffton College is a Mennonite school. There was a seriousness of purpose at Bluffton which I had not found at Ohio Northern. The whole atmosphere was exactly what I wanted.

IT WAS this year I became a licensed minister, too. The superintendent of the Lima district of the Methodist Church had been a friend of mine in my home town. He introduced me to the superintendent of a district in the western part of Ohio, and I was invited to give a trial sermon at Fort Recovery, Ohio. The people liked my sermon, and I was invited to become their pastor.

Mercer County, Ohio, is as densely Catholic an area as you'll find anywhere in the country. Every Sunday, as I drove to the country church at Erastus, I passed St. Anthony of Padua Church, and I wondered each time why it was that so many were there while we were barely able to draw forty to our morning

service. I didn't trouble myself, however, to find out why.

It was while I was a student at Bluffton, whose professors teach only good solid Christian philosophy, and while I was a minister at Fort Recovery, where I should have been growing in grace, that I began to fall further and further away from the fundamentalist position.

PART of it was a revulsion to other fundamentalists. I intensely disliked a shouting religion, and most fundamentalists were shouters. One day I heard a Unitarian minister give a good, quiet sermon that I liked. It was a social message and it appealed to me. I lost all concern with any of the fundamentalist beliefs; my religion became one of doing good. The divinity of Christ, eternal life, the existence of a personal God, all these things were for me matters of secondary importance. The greatest thing was to live a life of service.

Three things happened that might have brought me closer to the answer. A lady from the country church came to me with a question. A Catholic had given her a list of all the popes, she said. Did I think the Catholics could really trace their popes clear back to St. Peter? I shrugged my shoulders, lightly discarded nineteen hundred years of history, and told her it was not likely.

Then I attended Mass for the first time. It was the midnight Mass on Christmas Eve 1938, and St. Gerard's Church in Lima was crowded. My friends and I stood in the rear of the church. I was stirred by the Mass, and I told one of my closest friends next day that I wished we had it.

Finally one of the ladies in the Fort Recovery church gave me a Catholic missal and prayer book. I don't believe she was interested in the Catholic Church; as I recall, I believe she was

more a Christian Scientist than a Methodist, but she gave me the missal because she thought I'd be interested in seeing it. I hardly glanced at it, but for nearly three years I carried it in my overcoat pocket. I do not know why.

In the spring of 1941, I faced another decision. I now had to finish my theological training and prepare for ordination. For three and a half years I had served as a minister at Fort Recovery. I loved the people and I think they liked me. Yet I was certain that something was wrong.

I was confused. I was only half a believer. I felt God tugging at me, but I didn't know where He wanted me to go. I only half believed in the divinity of Christ, and yet, in all the years at Fort Recovery, I never once presided at the distribution of Holy Communion, although I had been given permission. When I received the bread and wine at services I attended, I tried to make it become a reality for me; I tried to imagine what it was like for the bread and wine to become in reality the body

and blood. The very thought overpowered me, and somehow it seemed wrong even to think of presiding at the distribution of the bread and wine, saying the words He had said.

In my confusion, I decided I would take a church near Columbus, Ohio, and go to Ohio State, and afterward, for I dreaded the thought of ordination, become a social worker for the Methodist Church. I was assigned a church, but two weeks later my father was critically injured in an accident. I went to his bedside, but my message to the district superintendent somehow didn't get through, and he, thinking that I had changed my mind, assigned another man to the church. When I returned he said he would find me another place. However, relieved after the first disappointment that the decision had been made for me, I told him no and returned to the Dayton newspaper.

For the next six months I substituted at different churches on Sundays, working as a reporter on weekdays. Then came Pearl Harbor. I enlisted the next

day and, after a two-week period for straightening up my affairs, I entered the service.

There was Catholic literature to read in the army chapels. I read a few pamphlets and was impressed. But not impressed enough. It was about this time that a girl I had known in college wrote to me and told me she was planning to become a Catholic. She wanted to know what I thought. I told her. There were many excellent things about the Catholic Church, but then it really wasn't the thing for educated people—it was too filled with superstition, too confining and narrow. She wrote back and thanked me, saying that she knew she could trust my keen insight in such matters and thanked me for saving her from a great mistake.

Two years later this young lady received another letter from me. I was by this time much better acquainted with the Church. I wrote to her in a much different tone. She became a Catholic nearly two years before I did.

My own way to the Church was slow and tortuous. Little things happened to move me along the way. A fellow crossed himself in the mess hall before eating and shocked me into the realization that I was thanking God too little. The *Catholic Digest* went on sale on the newsstands, and I started reading it. The pamphlets in the chapel took more and more of my time.

I MET the girl who was to become my wife. At one time I hesitated to tell people I had married a Catholic before I myself became one. A couple of years after I'd become a Catholic, I was talking to a minister and he said, "Just answer one question: Did you marry a Catholic?" I told him I had. "That's enough," he said smugly. "That explains it all."

It explains a lot, all right, but not in the way he meant. He was talking as though I'd become a Catholic as a kind of convenience or just to please my wife. To have become a Catholic for either of these reasons would have been unthinkable for me. When I was married I was rid of my prejudices against the Catholic Church but I was firmly convinced that I would never join her.

Yet marrying Barbara explains a lot; she is a good Catholic. During the years when my decision was being made, hers was the major influence. She knew her faith and it was of prime importance. She attended daily Mass and she lived a good Catholic life.

It was in the army that I met Father Emerich Lawrence, too. In civilian life he was a Benedictine monk teaching at St. John's in Minnesota. He was the first priest to whom I ever talked about religion. We used to talk late into the



In 1943 the author married Barbara Hoole. She was a Catholic, but although this helped a lot, it did not explain conversion. Now united in faith, Mr. and Mrs. Francis pose with their son

night, about many things. I started attending Mass. For several weeks, while the post was without a Protestant chaplain, I substituted at the Protestant services, but I attended Mass beforehand. I was stationed in Texas, and when I did not preach the sermon at the Protestant chapel I almost always had an invitation to speak at a Protestant church somewhere in the area. It was understood, though, that I attended Mass before. Once when a Colorado City minister asked me to speak at his church for him he told me that Mass was being celebrated at eight o'clock at the town's only Catholic church and I'd be able to attend and still be back in time for services at his church.

THERE came now two years of unrest and indecision. When I finally made my decision it seemed as simple as ABC. My thinking went something like this:

Either there was a God or there was not a God. One of the two was right. Now, the unity of nature made it ridiculous for me to suppose there was no God. If the stars in the heaven ran with such precision that men could calculate their positions years in advance, then there must be a Mind greater than the minds of the men who made the calculations. There was a God. I was certain of that.

Well, after that I faced another problem. God was either a personal God or not a personal God. There was a chance that He had supplied the wisdom for the universe and left things there. But this was not true if God came to earth. This was not true if Jesus Christ was more than man, if He was God. I reserved my decision on the matter of a personal God for the decision on the divinity of Christ.

I was certain of one thing. Christ wasn't just a good man. He said He was God. If He wasn't God and said that He was, then He was an impostor and a liar. He couldn't be merely a good man, because good men don't lie. So He had to be God, or just a deceitful man. I decided I'd believe He was God if I could believe in the resurrection. There was the proof. I reserved another decision.

Now, did Christ really rise from the dead? That could just be a fanciful story, I reasoned. So I started making deductions. I tried to figure it out the way I might have had I been covering it as a newspaperman.

Christ said He was God, and His

apostles apparently believed Him. Well, if they were really convinced, they should have stuck with Him when He was threatened with crucifixion. But, even though they'd seen His miracles, they bolted in the crisis. Only one even stayed around at all. Peter denied Him three times. While He lived, and they could reasonably hope that with His power He could free Himself, they were afraid. Then He was killed.

That should have been the end of the story. But it wasn't. A short time later His Apostles were openly proclaiming their devotion to Christ. Frightened Peter was no longer afraid. He even suffered death gladly.

Something had happened. The men who were frightened while Christ lived should have become more frightened with His death. Instead they were now willing to dare all things. Something had happened in the meantime, and that must have been the resurrection of Christ. It had to be something that big to make the difference. So I came to believe in the resurrection of Christ—

STATISTICIAN: A man who draws a mathematically precise line from an unwarranted assumption to a foregone conclusion.

COORDINATOR: A man who brings organized chaos out of regimented confusion.

—PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER

and, with it, in His divinity—and, with that, in a personal God.

So I believed that Jesus was more than man. Truth was on the earth while He was here. Now, God, being infinitely wise, certainly knew that truth had to be maintained. I'd played that game where a sentence is whispered from one person to another and ends up by being entirely different from the way it started. Since I was aware of the way man exaggerates things. I know, of course, that God knows this too.

So I was sure that God would somehow protect the truth, see to it that it was maintained inviolate on earth. He would do it, it seemed to me, in one of two ways. Either through guidance by the Holy Ghost or through the Bible. I quickly made my decision on this. I'd seen the Bible interpreted too many different ways: there was no unity there, and there would have to be unity in God's guidance. It had to be through the Holy Ghost.

But how? One of two ways—either personally or through a Church. Now, I knew some people who claimed that the Holy Ghost guided them personally, but all of them were being led in different directions. That couldn't be. Besides, there had to be continuity, and

that wouldn't be possible if guidance came only from humans. God's guidance must be continuous, it must stretch back to Christ. So it had to be through a Church.

All right, was it the Catholic Church or one of the Protestant churches? It couldn't be, as some of my Protestant friends said, all churches. They believed too many conflicting things. The truth couldn't contradict itself. I read much and I studied much. I found the teachings of the Catholic Church to be unchanged in fundamentals over the centuries. There was unity, there was continuity. No Protestant church could offer me the same.

I wasn't ready to submit yet, though. I wanted to make more certain. I came to the Holy Eucharist. I found Christ saying that we had to eat of His Body. Figuratively speaking, I thought hopefully. No, He said it again to the people who asked Him if He really meant what He said. The Bible told me that after that there were some who walked with Him no longer. So I ran into another incontestable fact. Christ either meant exactly what He said about eating of His body or He meant it figuratively. If He meant it as a figure of speech, then He was responsible for turning some people away from following Him. After all, He had only to tell them He was speaking figuratively. But He didn't. So, if He meant it figuratively, He was guilty of turning people away from God. But that couldn't be, since He was God. So I had to face it. He must have meant exactly what He said. It overwhelmed me, but there was no way out of it.

By this time I was on my way for sure. Born Catholics can't understand it, but I think most converts can, when I tell you there is something of a panic that overcomes you as you approach the necessary decision. After all, it is a tremendous decision. I could switch from being a Baptist to being a Methodist without a second thought; but becoming a Catholic—that was the great and final decision. I grasped at straws, seeking to hold myself back.

AT THIS time I found a book in which appeared the essay, "Why I Am Not a Catholic." I read it, liked it, held onto it. I wanted to know more about the author who had put my own thoughts and fears so well into words. His name was William Orchard. After writing this admirable essay he had become a Catholic. I gave up.

On a June morning in an army chapel outside Big Spring, Texas, Father Thomas McDonald baptized me conditionally and I received Holy Communion.

For this I thank God with all my heart.

DALE FRANCIS after his conversion became founder and editor of the *North Carolina Catholic*, did postgraduate work at Notre Dame, where he is now director of the University Press.



MOTHER OF ALL CHURCHES

As a special feature
for the Holy Year, *The Sign*
presents another in its
series of picture stories
on the great basilicas

IN the fourth century, when the Church had finally emerged from the catacombs, Constantine the Great had a palace erected for the Pope and also a cathedral which was destined to be the first church of lavish splendor built for the Pontiffs. The Popes lived in the palace next to the church from the fourth to the fourteenth century.

This original church built by Constantine was dedicated to the Holy Saviour. In 898 it was destroyed by an earthquake and rebuilt and rededicated to St. John the Baptist. In 1309 it burned to the ground and was again rebuilt, this time by Pope Clement V. The magnificent edifice pictured above dates mostly from the seventeenth century.

St. John Lateran stands on the exact spot of the original church of Constantine and has remained the first of the major basilicas, the Pope's church, the "Mother of all Churches."

Like St. Peter's, St. John Lateran has a Porta Santa, a Holy Door, which is opened only during the Holy Year. It is one of the major basilicas that must be visited to gain the indulgence of the Holy Year.



Top picture: Main façade of St. John Lateran. Present church is a seventeenth-century edifice.

●
Under the portico of the main entrance, pilgrims say their prayers before entering the Basilica.



The interior is remarkable for its austerity and grand proportions. It measures 426 feet in length, and the nave has large aisles on either side.



The altar of the Blessed Sacrament is adorned with four ancient bronze columns. A cedar table believed to be the Last Supper table is preserved here.



A statue of St. Matthew in the nave. Its gigantic size dwarfs the kneeling pilgrim.



A pilgrim from one of the provinces asks his way around from one of the Sisters who collects alms for sick.



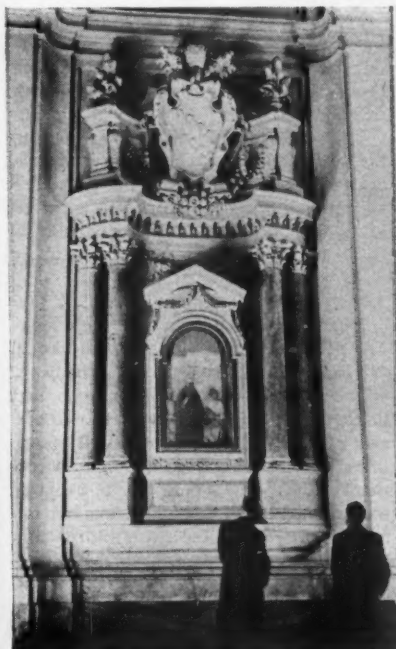
The Tribune near Scala Santa built by Benedict XIV commemorates the founding of the Holy Roman Empire.



For centuries devout pilgrims have climbed the nearby Scala Santa (Holy Stairs) on their knees. An indulgence is attached to this act of penance.



The High Altar at which only the Pope or one designated by him may say Mass. It contains precious relics including the heads of Saints Peter and Paul.



On the first pilaster is a painting of Boniface VIII by Giotto, showing Pontiff blessing pilgrims in 1300.



An old Canon of the Basilica reads his prayers during Mass. He is sitting in the choir behind High Altar.



A dramatic statue of St. Philip, one of many statues set in vast niches along the huge nave.

Local Girl Makes Good

by GORDON RAMSEY

Linda didn't believe in standing around waiting for a break. She studied the angles of show business and worked out a formula for success. And her cleverness was suitably rewarded in the end

HERE I stand, the dazzling center of all eyes, at the top of the three golden steps which lead down to the crowded floor of the Starlight Room where the pre-rehearsal party is in full swing.

The four flashlight bulbs had all popped off at the same time, just as I had arranged for them to do. Everybody at the party, including Mr. Stacey, the big-shot director of the new ice show, had looked up startled at the door—and there I was for *him* to see, waving my hand in the air as if I knew everyone in the room and had just been elected the most popular girl in the cast.

Pat yourself on the back, Linda, my clever Broadway skaterina, I tell myself. What a wonderful, wonderful entrance!

At the bottom of the steps is a lean and leathery character with a broad grin and a fresh carnation. He has his hand out—a committee-of-one, I think, to welcome all members of the new cast at the door.

"Hi, sister," he breezes. "Shake."

I should have hooked my thumb in the air and left him reaching out for nothing. But how was I to know he was a joker? How was I to know that when I put my hand in his a loud buzzer would go off and give me the electric chair? The shock bounces me right back on my heels—and everybody roars, including Mr. Stacey.

But I can go along with a gag. I can even make it look better than it really is. As soon as my breath comes back, I laugh louder and zanier than even the committee-of-one himself.

"Call me Joey and let's be pals," he crows.

"Joey," I call him—but I give him a wide berth as I strike off by myself into the room.

After all, I'd already worked a few

fine points just to get in this ice-show cast and I wasn't going to let a clown like him spoil my chances for a good spot on the program. Fifty-nine other girls had been picked along with me at the tryouts. Everybody knows that the part assignments are to be made tomorrow morning at the Garden just before the first rehearsal—and take it from me, who's been around Times Square long enough to know, what a girl gets out of a shuffle like this depends a lot on being noticed by the director for something more unusual than a pair of nifty legs and knowing how to skate on them.

As I pass one of the potted palms lining the wall, a sweet voice comes out at me from beneath the spreading leaves.

"Hello, Linda . . ."

I turn and see this girl, Karen Williams. If she'd been just another local show girl with her head full of schemes I would never have trusted the sugar in her voice. I would have smelled another gag and kept going. But this Karen is a nice homespun girl from Minnesota who has been skating on real ice ever since she got her first pair of skates for Christmas when she was three years old. At twelve she was the pigtail champ for miles around—and now, at nineteen, here she is in New York and so shy it hurts just to see it in her face.

"Hi, kitten," I breeze in big-sisterly style. "How ya doin'?" Times Square is obviously not beating a path to her door, and it never will as long as she hides herself in the shrubbery. "Why so all alone and unnoticed, Karen?"

Believe it or not, she blushes. "I'm . . . I'm waiting."

"No future in that," I flip back. "Not in this mob of fast workers." I wave my hand at the other girls in the Starlight

Room. "They're not being oh-so-bright-and-gay about the weather, Karen. They're bidding for breaks."

"Breaks?"

See what I mean? She knows nothing about the facts of life on the big-time ice. For her I open up. Sixty girls in the cast, I tell her, only twelve of which will make the boy-and-girl teams because that's all the teams there are going to be. In the production numbers these twosomes will be skating out front, each girl with a boy's arm around her waist.

"You want to be on one of these teams, don't you, Karen?"

Her eyes brighten. "Yes, of course, but . . ."

"Then let's not stand here twisting our beads," I coo firmly. "There's work to be done."

I take her by the arm and am steering her into the crowd when we run smack against one of the boys in the cast. He's a good-looker with an outdoor glow to his cheeks, as if all he ever drinks is Grade-A milk and all he ever breathes is cold fresh air.

"Stand aside, glamour pants," I say.

He doesn't even hear me. He's looking at Karen, his face lit up like a bright, new neon sign on Broadway. When I see her gazing back with her heart in her eyes, I know these two are not new to each other and that something very special is going on between them. The Starlight Room is as jam-packed and noisy as a television bar on fight nights, but these two children are far away and alone, as if they have something very wonderful in common and are thinking about it together.

"Break it up," I chirp.

Karen blushes again. "Linda, this is Steve . . . Steve Nowell," she says dreamily. "He's from Minnesota, too."

"Good old Minnesota," I drawl.

"Hi, Linda," greets Steve. Any friend of Karen's is a friend of his, but right now please excuse him if he looks down anxiously at his watch. "It's twelve o'clock, Karen. Hadn't we better scram?"

"I'm ready, Steve," and in the next second Karen has her arm draped in his and they are bidding me good night. This I don't get. A small-pond girl comes to New York and gets the chance of her life to skate in a big show. Instead of pushing herself at the director—and brother, she could do with a little push—she walks out practically unseen because an overgrown boy from back home thinks twelve o'clock is time to scram.

Now don't get me wrong. I have nothing against two nice kids falling in love, but why do they have to act like dopes?

Joey, the case history with the buzzer in his palm, is watching me from the door, his grin still showing. Forget about cheap practical jokers, Linda. I tell myself. Forget about the two sweet skate babes from the tundras of Minnesota. Concentrate on Mr. Stacey, the big-shot director . . .

I don't know much about this Mr. Stacey except he's an old-timer and has

directed so many ice shows that his feet are frost-bitten and so is his heart. He is also so tired of show-girl glamour that now he wears dark glasses to cut down the strain on his eyes.

Even to get close enough to hear him talk is like battling your way to a bargain counter the morning after a full-page ad, I elbow in to where I can gather that the bright redhead who has Mr. Stacey's ear at the moment is name skater. You'd think she'd be satisfied to be a star, wouldn't you? But no. It seems her spot in the show is not being given "program prominence." This hurts her soul, and she is practically demanding a better break for her talents.

Mr. Stacey stares at her calmly through his smoked glasses. "Mr. Brownlee worked out the program, not me," he says. "I can't touch it."

The star lifts her penciled eyebrows. "Mr. Brownlee? Who's he?"

"He's the outside money," Mr. Stacey says. "And don't ask to see him. He's out of town."

I hear him mention Mr. Brownlee's name twice more to two other girls before I give up for the moment and back away to get some air and think things

over. Let's face it, Linda, I tell myself. Angles are being worked here by experts, but none of them are reaching Mr. Stacey because Mr. Stacey has his hands tied by the outside money.

A voice behind me says, "Hi, Linda—remember me?"

I don't have to strain. "Joey," I say tonelessly. "My pal."

"Give that lady five silver dollars," he quips, and of course it's such a bright quip that he practically knocks himself out laughing at it. I don't crack a smile and this seems to bother him. "You're not sore at me for that gag at the door, are you?" he says.

"Sore? Not me, pal."

"I'm not such a bad guy," Joey says. He puts his hand to the fresh carnation in his lapel and holds it out for me to smell. It squirts water at my nose, and again Joey the hyena lets out a howl that can be heard all over the room. This time I really could have clipped him and loved it; but instead, with everyone looking at us again, including Mr. Stacey, I just laugh too.

Joey pulls himself together and wipes

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY HARTMAN

He gets the idea that my boy friend had been to Little America and that Popsie was what he had brought back



the tears from his eyes. "You're all right, Linda," he says. "You and I could be naturals."

"A fate worse than death," I counter. "By the way, squirt, what's your specialty—with the show, I mean?"

"I'm a comic," he says. "I used to have a vaudeville act. You know what happened to vaudeville. Well, I saved my act by putting it on ice."

"I bet it still smells," is my parting shot.

He follows me to the door and I have a hard time getting away. "Now don't get me wrong, Joey," I tell him. "I go for an honest laugh, but once in a while I like it to be on somebody else. I don't know what your act is, and I don't care. But I bet you think the funniest sight in the world is to see a girl sliding across the ice on the seat of her pants."

"Well, ain't it?" he chuckles.

I leave him and the party flat and step out into the bright lights of Times Square. I'm not licked. I just want to back up for a fresh start. I just want time to figure out another angle which would get me to Mr. Stacey's attention right over the heads of the competition and without a corny, self-styled comic butting in all the time to slap me down.

The after-midnight crowd is still milling down Broadway, looking up at the big signs and not wanting to go home. While waiting for the lights to change at Forty-fifth Street, I find myself in against a newsstand and see by one of the headlines that some gal is advertising for a husband with ten grand. Her picture is on the front page, and the caption says she is a hat-check girl at such-and-such a roadhouse.

Smart hat-check girl. Smart roadhouse.

Another headline says, "Gets Threatening Letter, Hires Bodyguard"—and underneath is a shot of a slim but hippy Brunette walking down the street with a grinning ex-pug at her heels.

My ten against your two she wrote that threatening letter herself.

"Whaddaya read?" squawks the newsboy.

I make off I'm green. "Look, mister," I say. "Is stuff like this on the level?"

"For me it sells papers, for you it hands a laugh," he answers.

I DRIFT ALONG for a block or two brooding. I think of the hat-check girl, I think of the bodyguard girl, and then I think of the roving reporter from one of the morning papers who prowls up and down Broadway after midnight looking for odd characters who nine times out of ten are prowling up and down Broadway looking for him. All he wants is a bright fresh angle for his daily column. He calls it human interest.

Okay, Linda, there's your cue.



How late can two kids from Minnesota stay up in New York, anyway?

I rack my brain for an idea. It has to be crazy enough to get me in the papers, but sane enough to keep me out of jail. All of a sudden I remember my old friend Dixie Partridge. She used to be in the front line with me at Jinny's All-Girl Revue, but now she's married to a guy who has a trained penguin act in one of the sideshow arcades on Forty-second Street. One of their penguins is known as Popsicles. He's too dumb to learn tricks and too darling to send to the zoo, so Dixie and her husband just dress him up in a top hat and a bow tie and keep him around for private laughs.

I make for the nearest telephone.

"Hello, Dix? How about borrowing Popsie for an hour or so, beginning right now? For old times' sake?"

"Why, Linda, of course!"

Good old Dixie.

I drop another nickel in the slot, and this time I dial the boarding house where Karen has told me she's staying. Let's not be selfish about this, I'm thinking. Share the wealth with Karen. Hand her another chance to make one of the boy-and-girl teams, even if you have to drag her out of an early bed to do it.

Her landlady answers the phone. "Umph! You don't expect her to be in, do you?"

"Well, isn't she?"

"No. Not tonight, or any other night since she's been here, till all hours." The landlady sighs wheezily. "She seems such

a nice girl. Sometimes I wonder where she goes and what she finds to do."

"Try not to worry," I say, hanging up.

Where Karen goes and what she does is none of my business, either; but just the same I can't help worrying about her as I ride a cab to Dixie's place to pick up Popsie the Penguin. Later, on the way to Gleeck's all-night restaurant, where Dixie says this human-interest reporter stops in regularly for coffee, I have all I can do to keep Popsie out of the cabdriver's hair; but in the back of my mind I'm still worrying about Karen.

Gleeck's is a side-street joint with fish and shrimp on ice in one window and a tank full of goldfish in the other. Popsie is a smash hit. He waddles down between the tables, looking like a fat little man in a tuxedo and a white shirt, as solemn as an undertaker and as funny as a clown both at the same time.

I see the newspaper man at one of the back tables, watching us with eyes like a pair of buttons. Play this scene smart, Linda, I warn myself. Take a table where he can see both the penguin and you, but otherwise don't give him a tumble.

I order Popsie a fish. "Right out of the window," I say, "and no lemon."

When the reporter finally ambles over to my table I look him in the eye and give him the kind of a smile I figure one penguin lover would give to another.

"What's the angle, sister?" he says.

"Angle?"

"The slant, the viewpoint," he explains. "Nobody airs a penguin on Broadway unless there's a tie-up somewhere."

"A fine thing," I purr innocently. "Can't a girl buy a bedtime fish for her pet penguin any more without being bothered by wise guys?"

"Don't high-hat the press," he says, flashing his card. "Give."

I let him fight the story out of me, and brother, it's as full of human interest as I can get it and still go to heaven. Now don't get me wrong. I don't lie to him. I just drop hints and fail to stop him when he jumps to his own conclusions. Somehow he gets the idea that my boy friend had been to Little America with the last expedition and that Popsie was what he had brought back for me with love. Somehow this reporter gets the notion that I had been born in Minnesota and used to skate nine miles to school five days a week and twelve miles to church on Sunday.

I pose for him with Popsie nuzzling happily against my cheek.

"Incidentally, I'm with the ice show opening at the Garden on the twenty-fifth," I say casually.

"Skip the commercial," he tells me.

HE'S CALLED to the phone then, and a few minutes later he rushes out of the booth and heads straight for the outside door. I can tell by the gleam in his eyes that he's on his way to pick up another item of human interest, but it doesn't worry me a bit. Live and let live, that's my motto.

"Excuse me, lady," the waiter says. "Your penguin is in the goldfish tank."

I have a time getting Popsie away from the goldfish and vice versa, and he's a wet little bundle all the way back to Dixie's. I let down my hair and tell Dixie what I'm up against.

"I wouldn't depend too much on that reporter, darling," she says. She's thoughtful for a moment and then comes out with a sly one. "Remember how the girls at Jinny's used to send flowers to themselves on opening nights?"

I remember, and on my way home I stop off at a florist's and order three dozen roses.

"The name is Linda Green," I tell him. "Have them at the Garden at nine o'clock sharp. Tell the boy to bring them right to the middle of the ice and call out my name good and loud."

The florist wasn't born yesterday. "Who are they to be from?" he asks politely.

"Mr. Brownlee," I say.

After all, I'm not taking too much of a risk. Mr. Brownlee's out of town, isn't he? And, if anything goes wrong, I can

GORDON RAMSEY is the pen name of Arthur Gordon, whose short stories have appeared in *Collier's*, *MacLean's Magazine*, and other publications.

always say this is my Mr. Brownlee and nobody can prove that he isn't.

Hot stuff, Linda. Now all you've got to do is get a good night's sleep and be at the Garden at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. As I lie in my bed looking up at the ceiling, I can see myself in one of the boy-and-girl teams on opening night, whirling around the ice with a red and blue spotlight on my ballerina spangles. I can see Karen, poor kid, beautiful but cold, watching me from the cheese-cake tableaux in front of the scenery. I wonder if she's in bed yet, or whether she's still out on the town with Steve. How late can two nice kids from Minnesota stay up in New York, anyway?

I sleep through the alarm next morning and have no time to pick up a paper on my way to the Garden. I'm the last girl in the locker room to put on my skates and so don't hear any talk. But as soon as I skim out on the ice and line up next to Karen and Steve I know everything is all right for Linda Green. There is Mr. Stacey out front with the show's press agent. There is the morning paper in their hands—and I can tell by the pleased smiles on both their faces that they are tickled pink by what they're reading.

Joey the comic is out front too, his mouth nothing but a wide silly grin between his ears.



It's Only Human

► A newcomer to college, who was obviously from a rural district, sat down in the dining room of the fraternity house to eat with the rest of the boys. He quietly blessed himself and said grace before he began to eat.

"Look what we have here," one of the boys jeered. "Is it the fashion for all to pray before dinner where you come from?"

The newcomer calmly replied. "No, not all—the pigs don't."

—Suzanne Marque

Karen's eyes are bright, her hair is gleaming, and the tan on her legs has been put there by the sun free of charge. Steve looks as if he has just come from a health resort after a month's vacation, all expenses paid.

"Late hours seem to agree with some people," I crack good-naturedly.

Karen smiles. "Oh, Linda, did you see the piece in the paper?"

"I wrote it," I say.

"You're a scream, Linda," Steve laughs.

Just then Mr. Stacey looks up from the paper and blows his whistle for quiet. "Okay, Minnesota," he says. "Let's see what you can do."

I PUSH OUT front and go through a few quick whirls to warm up. Then I do a half turn in the air and land in a backward glide on one leg. I get up speed for a double Salchow, a tough number for anybody since it means taking off from the inside edge of the left skate, spinning twice, and landing on the outside edge of the right skate. But, before I can take the leap, Mr. Stacey blows his whistle again and brings me to a dead stop in front of him.

"Are you from Minnesota?"

"Well?"—and I point to the paper—"Can't you read?"

"Can't you?" he counters, pushing the paper into my hands.

I stare at the headline. It says "Music in Their Hearts"—and underneath is a full-page spread of Karen and Steve in the corniest skating pose you ever saw. She's on one leg, with the other stretched out behind. Steve is holding her nicely about the waist. No glamour. Just a picture of two healthy kids on skates.

I read the small print in the box at the side. Now I know why Karen and Steve had left last night's party at twelve o'clock. Now I know where Karen had been till all hours. Every night, after the hockey game at the Garden, she and Steve had gone there to practice on what was left of the ice while the clean-up squad picked up the gum wrappers and bottle tops from between the eighteen thousand empty seats. They came to skate because they loved to skate—and the music they skated to, the story says, nobody could hear but them.

"It is heart-warming," the article continues, "to discover such wholesome sincerity on Broadway, where there is so much that is artificial and contrived. Thanks for this item goes to Sam Edwards, foreman of the clean-up gang at the Garden, who passed the tip on to our roving reporter."

"A nice sweet pair," I hear Joey say.

I look up from the paper. Karen and Steve are in the middle of the ice. She has on a dark green velveteen skirt
(Continued on page 67)



Mary Wilhere with Chairman Anne Leszezynski of Detroit



Mrs. Mary L. Wilhere

Though the Laywomen's Retreat Movement was not organized until early in the year 1936, it has had a phenomenal growth. Starting with a few brave pioneers in the late thirties, it can boast of over fifty thousand retreatants, according to the latest statistics. The president of the National Laywomen's Retreat Movement is the smiling young lady above, Mrs. Mary Wilhere of Philadelphia.

For several years, Mrs. Wilhere was an active captain at the Dominican Convent of Our Lady of Prouille. In September of 1948 she was sent as a delegate to the National Convention at St. Louis. That was the first time she had the opportunity to attend the Congress, but her ability and personal charm won over the delegates in short time and they elected her president for the next two years. This year, on October the sixth, Mrs. Wilhere will preside at the next Congress of the Laywomen's Retreat Movement which will be held in Detroit. Over five thousand are expected to attend this Congress. The Reverend A. Paul Lambert, National Moderator, attributes a great deal of the progress made in these last two years to the efficient work of this zealous Catholic lady.

Besides these activities, Mrs. Wilhere is a willing worker at her local parish and in several Catholic Action groups.

TP People



A little over a year ago the Junior Chamber of Commerce in Akron, Ohio, chose a hopeless cripple as "the outstanding young man of the year." If they had finecombed the entire country, they couldn't have made a better selection.

Vincent Kunkler, above, the young man chosen, is crippled from head to foot with arthritis. In fact, twenty-seven years ago he was given up to die. Today he is founder and president of Handicap Action, a society he formed to help cripples to overcome their self-consciousness and to lead normal lives. The group, numbering over sixty at present, has meetings, picnics, shows, and study in their workshops all because of the Christian zeal and courage of this young man who is a hopeless but not helpless cripple.

To further the aims of the society, Vincent started a magazine, *The Helm*. The many gadgets he has invented to help him in his work are nothing short of amazing. He has

the phone rigged up so that he can use it without hands. He pecks out his editorial on a typewriter by using the blunt end of a pencil. He even has a contraption by which he can shave himself without hands. His only means of locomotion is a specially designed wheel chair.

Vincent's recent editorial against the mercy killers brought him wide recognition. It was quoted in the pulpits of the Cleveland and Akron churches. "If it were not for the needy, the crippled, and the suffering, what would draw out the love that warms the world? And without love this would be an awful, cold, cold world."

Vincent was taken out of school in the second grade and studied through grammar and high school by correspondence. He was awarded a liberal arts degree by the American School in Chicago. Recently he completed an oil painting of the late C. W. Sieberling, industrialist.

The Rhine and a United Europe

It is essential for peace that the Rhine should become a highway rather than a frontier

by DOUGLAS WOODRUFF



Quietly flows the Rhine. If this river can be bridged by Franco-German friendship, the West can be defended

ROBERT SCHUMAN is the most remarkable member of the M.R.P., the French Catholic Party, and the proposal that the Western European countries should pool their coal, iron, and steel industries is rightly called "the Schuman Plan," for it is a personal achievement. Mr. Schuman is an Alsatian from Strasbourg who was conscripted for the German Army in the first World War. He and Dr. Adenauer have a great bond in common in that they both represent the Catholic Rhineland, which has been for so long divided between the national ambitions of France and Germany.

Dr. Adenauer, a former burgemeister of Cologne, is keenly conscious that Cologne is on the left bank and that its historical affinities are with the other lands of the left bank from Strasbourg to Rotterdam. The people of this area have been Catholic since the end of the Roman Empire; they are Europeans with memories of the time when the Rhine was the central river of that imperial system which began by its banks at Aachen and continued to find in Frankfurt on the Main a center for the crowning of the emperors. The Prussian, coming after Napoleon, was a newcomer whose main impress was on the right bank, in towns like Düsseldorf, and in the development of the Ruhr industry.

There is plenty of material for Mr. Schuman and Dr. Adenauer to build

upon in reviving the sense that they are both Europeans, belonging in great essentials to the same society. It was to please Robert Schuman that Strasbourg was chosen for the Parliament of Europe last summer. No man is more anxious that his native Rhine should be again a highway and not a frontier.

To many Frenchmen like him, the project of a United Europe offers the best approach to the future of German and French relations. Today, only the Communists in France take an old-fashioned nationalist line against Germany. All the other parties see clearly that, if the Germans cannot be held down, they must be accepted as integral to Western Europe, and that exactly in proportion as Europe becomes a political reality is the problem of the defense of Germany made manageable.

The French want the Germans to face eastward, are glad that Berlin dominates the western German imagination, and that the *irridenta*, the lands that must be won back, are in the East and not in the West. The more the Germans can feel that the western world is behind them when they look eastward and demand to be allowed to reunite, the less the other neighbors of the Germans need to fear the revival of a nationalism that would look south and west because it could not look east.

The French have the further strong

incentive for supporting United Europe, in that they feel the larger unit is one in which the Communists are very much weaker than they are in France, for the Communists are weak in Scandinavia and Britain, in Holland and Belgium. In any great Atlantic system, such as Georges Bidault has been urging, French anti-Communists would feel a confidence that they belonged to a decisive and strong majority very much greater than the rather precarious confidence they feel today.

Yet it must be confessed that French policy for the Saar, the most important concrete measure of France in the field of German relations, is something M. Poincaré might have done thirty years ago. The French have a claim to the product of the Saar mines, but it was not at all intelligent to try to revive the pretense that the inhabitants of the Saar basin are not Germans like their neighbors, or to suggest that they need or want a special political regime.

IN 1919 the Saar was separated from Germany for the benefit of France, and it was arranged that fifteen years later there should be an election for the Saarlanders to choose their future with Germany, or with France, or independent. An international police force supervised the election in 1934. It was held after Hitler had come to power in Ger-

many. The Saarlanders are strongly Catholic, and it was already plain that the Third Reich was led by men with little regard for the Church. Nevertheless, by over 90 per cent, the Saarlanders voted themselves into Hitler's Reich. After that the fact ought to have been accepted that they are Germans without separatist feelings. Yet, at the initiative of the French, they have been invited into the Council of Europe as a separate political entity, and ahead of the west Germans.

There is a constant attempt in France to combine two attitudes toward Germany, each of which can be defended as a separate and consistent whole. What cannot be done is to attempt to combine the two. The one policy says that the Germans, being a military people conditioned through centuries to military obedience, understand and do not resent military orders, and the Allies should keep them under military government and not take their democracy seriously, for the simple but sufficient reason that Germans in Germany are not Democrats. The western Germans, so runs the argument, let the Prussians come and organize and rule them, and they would let the Western world do the same, but it must be in terms of the only social relationship they under-

can do is to put a premium on certain kinds of behavior. It becomes necessary for the Western powers to be mindful of the prestige of those Germans who come forward to work under their orders, and being mindful of their prestige means, inevitably, making practical concessions to them, so that they can appear before the German public and say, "We secured this concession for you from the occupation authorities."

In short, the attempt to set up and nourish a Western democratic government can only be made in quite a different atmosphere from that of military occupation. The French are very conscious that these major decisions were American and British, and that in the past both Britain and America have had illusions about the Germans. The whole story of the Weimar Republic was of the Germans behaving for a time as Woodrow Wilson and Lloyd George wanted, keeping it up until they were free of the consequences of defeat, and then swiftly creating the Third Reich as a menace and scourge to their neighbors.

The Germans have a genuine desire for peace, which is the strength of the Soviet propaganda, for Stalin promises the young Germans peace and lets them draw the conclusion that if there is war,

industry, because the British still have an island mentality and are not at all sure they would be stronger in what would look on paper much stronger. If there had been a European authority in 1940 in charge of foreign policy, the majority of its members would probably have voted to negotiate with Hitler after the conquest of France. Today it is quite true that much of the French readiness to surrender sovereignty does not reflect any positive confidence in the new international authorities; it reflects the lack of belief and confidence of Frenchmen in France, in the Fourth Republic, and the French Army. The great fear of Frenchmen is that international war would also be civil war. To have brought about a situation in which this fear is quite well founded is the main positive achievement of the French Communist Party.

TO understand what is taking place in France, it is important to recall the line that has been followed by Communist propaganda. The Communists call themselves the Party of the National Renaissance and argue that the men of Vichy were bad patriots. In doing this they blandly ignore their own lack of patriotism between 1939 and 1941. But the fact that they base their national propaganda on this theme shows their clear understanding that they cannot reach power without attracting the support of the French countryside.

Foreigners are continually misled into thinking that the French workers must be in the majority. But France is still mainly an agricultural country with three and four times as many people in agriculture as in the industries with trade union organization. It is true these are key industries: coal mines, iron and steel works, railways, and docks. But this proletariat cannot be too noisily championed without the other France of the countryside being alienated, so the Communist appeal has to be national, and the attempts at sabotage have to be called for in the name of peace.

It is a mistake to underestimate the strength of that peace appeal to Frenchmen. Their historical experience has been that, twice since 1914, Britain and the United States encouraged the French to war, wanted them to put the French Army alone against the German Army and hold the line; and that twice the French, getting very little help from Britain in the field and no soldiers from America till two or three painful years had passed, were overwhelmed, as they would be overwhelmed again.

It is as quite a representative Frenchman that Professor Etienne Gilson, writing in *Le Monde* at the end of April, raised the question whether France could not, and should not, be neutral,



European
GEORGES BIDAULT
M.R.P. Strategist



Acme
GENERAL DE GAULLE
Held in reserve



Press Assn.
ROBERT SCHUMAN
Author of a plan

stand, which is that of master and servant or commanding officer and disciplined private soldier.

But the French are not strong enough to impose this policy and the British and Americans have rightly or wrongly rejected it. They rejected it when they announced that they would re-educate the Germans in the spirit of Western democracy. The word re-education itself begged the question how many Germans had ever been democrats, and the re-education has, in fact, achieved nothing, because you cannot re-educate formed adults in a matter of five years. All you

they will suffer less if they are on the side of the Red Army. The Western powers, too, must offer peace in a convincing form, and the warm welcome the Germans have given to the Schuman plan is inspired by the feeling that, in proportion as they are integrated into a great Western community, stronger in most respects than the Communist empire, they can hope for both peace and prosperity.

Great Britain is the least enthusiastic of the Western countries about the surrender of sovereignty involved in creating a European authority for heavy

on the ground that she would have nothing effective to contribute, and would herself be irremediably destroyed. Admitting that France owed everything to America since the war, he went on to argue that, by adhering to Atlantic Pacts, accepting arms, and in general breathing military defiance, the French were making it inevitable for the Red Army to overrun them; whereas, if they did not do this, an American-Russian war might be fought out in the Far East.

Many Frenchmen think that a much graver mistake than the armistice in 1940 was the declaration of war in 1939, and that fundamentally that declaration was made to please the British and from fear of being isolated in Europe if the British alliance was lost. Today there is America as well as Britain, a whole Western world, with which France is afraid of losing touch. But it is a world whose statesmen are further from the dangers than the French, statesmen to whom the French are ultimately "expedient," as the Poles were in the British and French policy of 1939. The French do not know what to say about the rearming of Germany, when they are told that if the western Germans are not allowed to rearm, then French troops must help to hold the line of the Elbe.

The French have an empire; they are the political authority over more of the African continent than any other single power. After the war they extended French citizenship much more widely; they brought to the Chamber of Deputies Frenchmen not only from Algiers but from French equatorial Africa. Needless to say, these deputies tend to represent the Socialist or Communist parties or their African affiliated groups.

THE M.R.P. is not represented in Africa. The combination of nationalism and Communism threatens to be troublesome, and nothing will strengthen the authority of France and Africa more than the development of larger conceptions, by which all the countries of Africa and Europe are embraced in the Atlantic system for their common defense. Next to its promise for the future relation with Germany, this African and colonial side is one of the main arguments for the cause of European unity.

Lastly, European unity offers Frenchmen a chance of getting outside and above the fateful deep divisions between Frenchmen. The French historian Lavisse used to tell his pupils that since the sixteenth century there had been only one real issue in French national life: the religious issue raised by the Reformation, the question whether the eldest daughter of the Church was to be a Catholic nation or not. This was the

issue of the wars of religion. It was also the issue between Louis XIV and the Huguenots; and it was what the French Revolution was really about. Since the revolutionary terror, it has quite obviously dominated French political life, and it is still present behind all the changing figures and regimes.

The events of 1940—the trials, executions, and sentences which the triumphant Resistance, largely in Communist hands, visited on its enemies after 1945—all this is challenged today, and there is a general demand for an amnesty, for the release of the aged Marshal Pétain and the hardly less aged Charles Maurras. But the trouble with such amnesties is that they appear to be the triumph of one party over another. If they could be presented as steps taken to enable France in all her fullness to enter a great European society, itself free from the baleful inheritance of French history, magnanimity could not be construed as weakness.

General de Gaulle has strengthened his own position by calling for such

break cleanly the continuity of France.

De Gaulle was also injured, because when he took over in France he had to have Communists in his government and to tolerate many of their ill deeds, and this hurt him among the people who are his natural supporters, because they see in him the ultimate bulwark against Communist violence. His movement claims to be something more than a political party, a rallying of the French, and has had an immense influence merely by existing in the wings.

PARLIAMENTARY politicians are restrained from their tendency to irresolution in the face of the Communists by the knowledge that France has an alternative and could turn to De Gaulle. As France's fortunes improve, those of De Gaulle and his movement decline, for he represents the ultimate card which the French might be forced to play against the Communists, but hope and believe they will not have to play.

It is important that the outside world should understand that both in France

Cachin, Thorez, and Duclos, leaders of Stalin's powerful fifth column in France



Press Assn.

magnanimity. A great many Frenchmen, particularly in the French Army, have never really forgiven him for breaking the continuity of the French State, by setting up a rival government in London, and treating as the crime of collaboration obedience to Vichy which was the legal continuation of the Third Republic. The De Gaullists answer that, if De Gaulle had not acted as he did, France would not have been present among the victorious allies and that this service could not have been rendered except by a man who had the clear-sightedness and the courage to

and in Italy the parliamentary regimes are not nearly as strong nor as deeply grounded as we should like. The chances of their survival are good, but not certain; and if both peoples should be driven back on a more autocratic form of rule, as the Spaniards were by the Spanish Army, this will not mean that they have become Fascists, as they will be called, but only that the threat of revolutionary subversion has grown to really dangerous proportions. The more France is integrated in the Atlantic system, the less likely are these dangers to mature. The worst is already past.

Radio and TELEVISION

by
DOROTHY KLOCK

Suds at Sunset

One Man's Family has been around just about as long as your family, and if you're a youngster of forty-odd it may be that *O. M. F.* has been around a little longer.

Carleton E. Morse has told radio audiences "how it is with the Barbours today" to the tune of much profit for lo! these many years. Morse first built popularity for his serial story during a half-hour on the air each Sunday afternoon. Many a family dinner was scheduled for an hour which would not conflict with the latest audio peep into the complex lives of Grandpa Henry and Grandma Fanny and Jack and Clifford and Claudia and Paul, the bachelor son, and all the others. (Paul is certain never to marry. What Barbour would be left to dash about the world, an unshackled, romantic figure who could easily remain air-borne merely by the accumulation of the sighs of his lady listeners?)

That the Barbours should turn up on television was inevitable. This they have been doing for some months now (NBC-TV—Wednesday, 8:30 P.M., E.D.T.). The handwriting was on the wall there, of course. You can't put a complete family into the mind of a radio listener without having him establish for himself the face and the form that go with the voice. Regular devotees of *O. M. F.* are slow in reconciling the actor on the television screen with the old friend who has been around for years on the stage of the mind.

Now comes the latest news about The Family. En masse, it has jumped the 6:00 P.M. soap-opera fence and has dared to mingle with the suds in the evening dishpan instead of those in the morning washtub. Five days a week, from Monday to Friday, 7:00 to 7:15 P.M., E.D.T., via your local NBC station, you can catch up on the lives of the Barbours. But don't say I told you to! If

you've had no daytime training for this sort of thing, maybe you'd better stay with *Beulah*, the competitive serial story on CBS at the same time. And here's an item for the Fascinating Facts Department. The radio Barbours are heard from Hollywood. Their TV counterparts "originate" in New York!

For Your Summer Radio Salad

THIS NATION UNDER GOD, the summer series of *Catholic Hour* programs on NBC on Sunday nights at 6:00 P.M., E.D.T., takes its title from Lincoln's Gettysburg address. A series of well-qualified lay speakers stress the importance of everyone's using his talents to bring America to her proper fullness under God.

IN THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT, there's the *NBC Symphony Summer Series*. (Sunday, 8:30 to 9:30 P.M., E.D.T.). Here are the soloists in August (and a fine galaxy they make!): August 6, Rose Bampton; August 13, Jarmila Novotna



Father and Mother Barbour on NBC's "One Man's Family"

and Warren Galjour; August 20, Helen Traubel; August 27, Robert Merrill.

ALSO FOR THE MUSICAL DRESS-ING, CBS brings you at 3:00 on Sunday afternoons, *Your Invitation To Music*, featuring recorded performances of the world's great orchestras and soloists, interviews with music-makers and comments on the program by James Fassett, Supervisor of the Music Division of CBS.

TEXAS is on the airwaves this summer via *The Starlight Operetta*, originating at the State Fair in Dallas and heard on CBS on Sundays at 7:00 P.M., E.D.T.

ON THE LINE WITH BOB CONSIDINE brings you the syndicated International News Service columnist in a news-commentary program each Saturday at 6:15 P.M., E.D.T., on NBC.

PENNY SINGLETON, ("Blondie" to you) is doing a new domestic comedy series in which she plays a smart career woman, the widowed mother of two children. In the show she is Mrs. Penny Williamson, but its title is *The Penny Singleton Show*. Confusing, but interesting no doubt.

THE TRUITTS is another domestic weekly affair, if you can stand much of this sort of thing. The experiences of a different member of the group are featured each week. NBC, Sunday, 3:00 P.M., E.D.T.

THE HIDDEN TRUTH (MBS, Wednesday—8:00 P.M., E.D.T.) is for you fireside sleuths. The series is based on the files of the late criminologist and lie-detector developer, Leonard Keeler.

WANTED is the title of a new NBC series (Friday, 10:00 P.M., E.D.T.), telling the story each week of a fugitive from the law who is still being hunted. Testimony has been culled from official police records, newspaper files, and witnesses of the crimes committed. The persons actually concerned in each case are heard stating their views by means of tape recordings made by the producers of the programs, Walter and Peggy McGraw. It is hoped that the broadcasts may prove helpful in bringing to justice dangerous criminals now at large.

SATAN'S WAITIN' issues a warning weekly, via a dramatic story, to those who are susceptible to the handiwork of that nefarious character (CBS—Tuesday—8:30 P.M., E.D.T.).

The Story Behind Studio One

If you take kindly to television, you have probably taken kindly to *Studio One*, top-flight dramatic production on

A spiritual thought for the month



Climax of Cleanliness

by **WALTER FARRELL, O.P.**

AN unspoiled mind easily recognizes the sovereignty of God and creatures' debt of worship. The warm, sharing, spotless perfection of God contrasts so shockingly with the gnawing destruction of perfection that makes up so much of the life-history of every man. What is bathed in the light of that infinite Sun of perfection is by that very fact to be approached with honor, reverence, awe; even those things which men themselves have set aside, sanctified for divine worship: vessels, altars, temples, men, women. Our unwise age pays this scant tribute to the intelligence of man by its intuitive horror at the desecration of churches, the despoiling of convents, the abuse of nuns, the murder of priests.

To the Greeks, the holy things were unearthly, not of earth, ethereal "*agios*." To the Latins, they were tinted with sacrificial blood, made clean by the blood of a victim, "*sanc-tus*." Both, therefore, stress the cleanliness of holy things, their freedom from defilement. We are debased by union with things beneath us, with the earthly; and are made clean in proportion as we are less their slaves. On the other hand, no one can, by solitary effort, induce such spotless cleanliness as is demanded for contact with God. Yet such purity is demanded both by the perfection of God and man's own need to be released from the earthly things that weigh down his slow steps.

This bright cleanliness is strong, firm, fortified against violation; indeed the very word in the Latin insists on protection by sanctions, legal armament. In this light, the vows of the religious are seen as strong walls surrounding an armed camp of virtue; while the wrath of God is guaranteed against any profane touch of the holy things in the awful description of such profanation as sacrilegious.

By their dedication to divinity, persons and things sanctified to the Lord acquire something of the sacred purity of God. Not only are they to be pre-

served from every defiling touch, they must not be subjected to the touch of any but equally consecrated hands.

The human vessel in which the Son of God was brought to men was set aside for God by God Himself, sanctified in view of the Incarnation, made holy that she might be wholly God's. Such immaculate purity as hers is, of course, above and beyond any defiling touch of sin. Divinity's protection warded off the infection of nature's sin in her immaculate conception; she was conceived free of all stain of Original Sin. The corruptive betrayal of mortal sin never invaded this Lady so full of grace; the dusty untidiness of venial sin never dimmed the brightness of this House of Gold. Even the morally inculpable but distracting touch of passion's sudden surge was barred from her life.

One as completely given over to God and God's purposes as Our Lady would be almost predictably above the ordinary contacts precisely because the ordinary has no place in such a holy of holies. In the light of her utter dedication to divinity, it is hardly surprising that Mary should have conceived virginally, that the words of the Angel and the power of God should have introduced the Son of God into her womb; that the birth of her Son should have been accomplished miraculously and virginally, evading even the slight physical corruption of childbirth; that all of her days should have bloomed virginally under the sun of Joseph's reverence. In view of the whole pattern, then, we could have expected that death's corruptive touch would not besmirch the body of Our Lady. As a child of Adam, she would have to die and so enter the glory of heaven; but because she was God's mother, her body would be preserved from corruption, snatched quickly to heaven from earth's clinging hands. The Assumption of Our Lady is the almost predictable climax of God's care for the holy ones who share something of His purity by their dedication to Him; it is the climax of cleanliness.

CBS-TV each Monday from 10:00 to 11:00 P.M., E.D.T. Perhaps it all looks so simple, but, like that quiet little number that your wife bought last week at the Bon-Ton Shoppe, its smoothness of material and effectiveness of line are achieved only by two means—time and money.

Ten weeks of preparation go into the readying of each *Studio One* broadcast. A major portion of the time is occupied with scripting, casting, set design and building, and the creation of special effects. The final twelve-day period is given over to seventy-two hours of rehearsal, the last ten hours with studio facilities, cameras, lights, stage and sound crews, etc.

Two directors alternate assignments under the general supervision of Worthington Miner, the producer, veteran of many Broadway stage presentations. Miner feels that the toughest part of producing the series is finding written material of the right type and with the right appeal. Scores of plays and stories are read before even one is found acceptable for adaptation to television. As a rule, free-lance writers do the adaptations. An average of one in four is turned out by Miner himself. Scripts, with all revisions completed, must be in the director's hands six weeks before production.

For its principal roles, *Studio One* depends pretty much on its own talent discoveries, calling only infrequently on "big names" as guest stars, a practice followed all too often by radio and television producers. After auditioning hundreds of young hopefuls each week, one of Miner's assistants compiles a list of "possibles" for each part, searching recent audition reports and more familiar files for likely prospects. The list is examined and discussed and the weeding out gets under way. Specific actors and actresses, usually several for each of the major parts, are asked to come in and read. Eventually the long process is ended and the production is cast.

The final selection of players is made thirteen days before the air show. The rehearsal cycle starts the following morning. The next three days are devoted to the blocking out and staging of the play, scene by scene. The scenes are worked over individually during the three days that follow, and then the run-throughs begin, still in rehearsal halls outside the television studio. Finally, seldom more than one day before the broadcast, the show is brought into the studio for rehearsal under the lights and before the cameras.

And, after its brief hour of life on your television screen, it is a thing of the past that has wandered off into the infinity of space, and the long cycle begins again.



STAGE

and

SCREEN

by **JERRY COTTER**

*Farley Granger is a confused young murderer
and Dana Andrews an understanding priest in "Edge of Doom"*

New Plays

Arena-style staging came to Broadway this summer, getting off to an auspicious start with Lee Tracy starring in a revival of George Kelly's *THE SHOW OFF*, followed by Basil Rathbone in *JULIUS CAESAR*. The popularity of the theater-in-the-round presentation indicates that it is due for a permanent place in the drama of the future. It has both advantages and drawbacks, depending on the type of play being presented. The first two Broadway entries offered excellent illustration of arena assets and disadvantages. Kelly's famous comedy, with its need for intimacy, proved a perfect test for audience and players alike. On the other hand the sweep and impressiveness of Shakespeare suffered from the restrictions of cramped playing space. Central staging is a welcome addition to the theatrical scene, but it must be used with intelligence and perception. Informality is its principal asset, but not every play requires the intimacy that comes when the stage is moved down into the audience.

Theater plans for the fall indicate that investors are a bit coy about supplying financial backing for untried authors. Unless there is a star name of exceptional strength willing to appear in it, there seems small chance that the unknown author's drama will be presented on Broadway this coming season. Most of the plays already announced for presentation are revivals of past hits, musical adaptations of best sellers, and a few original plays by well-known playwrights. The list includes musical versions of Betty Smith's *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*; *Moby Dick*; *Huckleberry Finn*; Donn Byrne's *Messr. Marco Polo*; Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen*; Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms*; *Anna and the King of Siam* with Gertrude Lawrence starred; and a revival of George M. Cohan's *Musical Comedy Man*.

Among the dramatic offerings, expect a dramatization of Ruth McKenney's *Love Story*; an adaptation of James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*; Leo G. Carroll in A. J. Cronin's

Spanish Gardener; Sean O'Casey's *"Purple Dust"*; a posthumous production of Philip Barry's last play, *Second Threshold*, with revisions by Robert Emmet Sherwood; Thomas Wolfe's *The Web and the Rock*; Louis Calhern in a revival of *King Lear*; an adaptation of Rumer Godden's *A Candle for St. Jude*; and an Aldous Huxley melodrama, *The Giacconda Smile* with Basil Rathbone and Wendy Hiller co-starred.

While there is variety and some degree of literary merit in the pieces selected for presentation next season, one can only regret that there is not a stronger representation by writers who emphasize, or even acknowledge, spiritual power in their work. With a few rare exceptions the "message" in most modern plays is one of confused materialism and frustration. Perhaps we have only ourselves to blame in not bending every effort to foster the development of Catholic literature and Catholic drama. Never has the need been greater and rarely has the supply been sparser.

Edge of Doom

Leo Brady's prize novel, *EDGE OF DOOM*, has been converted to suit the Hollywood conceptions of what it should have been like. In so doing, the movie technicians have retained the morbidity which characterized the book, but they have also lost contact with the spirit and the power of Brady's story.

In eliminating what they have termed "the author's mysticism in favor of realism," the adapters and director have come up with an inadequate study of a young man's resentment against emotional and economic standards. His resentment is channeled into a direct attack on a priest who temporarily represents the forces he imagines are arrayed against him. The remainder of the story resolves into the young killer's losing battle with his conscience and the part that a curate plays in forcing the decision.

It is in the dramatization of the spiritual conflict that the picture loses its power over the audience, particularly those

who have read the book. While the picture is not without merit as a whodunnit, it does lack the sensitivity and perception the unique narrative demands. Philip Yordan, who prepared the screen play, and director Mark Robson are principally responsible for this failure to grasp fully the impact of the unwritten lines in Brady's novel.

Whatever the reason, the cinema version of *Edge of Doom* is little more than a highly polished, overly morbid melodrama. The acting by Farley Granger, as the confused young murderer, and Dana Andrews, as the priest who learns his secret, is excellent. Joan Evans, Robert Keith, Paul Stewart, and Harold Vermilyea are outstanding among the supporting players.

One can only regret that the moviemakers have succeeded in capturing merely the surface morbidity of a story that should have been much more than just another crime study. (RKO-Radio-Goldwyn)



*Vera-Ellen dances with Fred Astaire in "Three Little Words"

Summer Movies

Bright and cool as a popsicle, *DUCHESS OF IDAHO* is in the best midsummer movie tradition. There are water ballets and ski scenes, tangled romances, songs and dances, a pleasant cast, and a story that is so familiar you can greet it like an old friend. Esther Williams is starred, which accounts for the aquatic sequences, and the Sun Valley background allows for the logical use of snow, slalams and ski lifts. Van Johnson, John Lund, Paula Raymond, and Clinton Sundberg figure in the plot maneuvers, while Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton, Lena Horne, Mel Torme, and Connie Haines brighten the musical interludes. Refreshing and relaxing fare for the entire family. (M-G-M)

A visual stunner, *THE WHITE TOWER* was filmed in Switzerland where the rugged terrain and impressive mountain backgrounds give the actors considerable competition. Based on the James Ramsey Ullman novel, it recounts the adventures and mishaps which befall a party of climbers who are determined to scale an unconquered peak. Each has

what he believes is a logical reason for getting to the top, but slowly, under the stress of the climb, each surrenders. Inasmuch as the six members of the party represent as many different nationalities, we can assume that their individual characteristics were intended to be symbolic. The American is casual and easygoing, the Englishman cultured but weak, the Frenchman is an artist and a drunkard, and an ex-Nazi flyer is portrayed as an arrogant pseudo-superman. A stolid Swiss guide and an Italian girl who sacrifices her lifelong ambition to scale the mountain in favor of love and an American passport complete the party. But, while they struggle against the mountain and each other, the principal attraction in this vivid production is the timeless and magnificent panorama caught by the Technicolor camera. Valli, Glenn Ford, Claude Rains, and Cedric Hardwicke are adequate in the leading roles in this pictorially beautiful presentation. (RKO-Radio)

PEGGY is a diverting Technicolor comedy with special appeal for the teen-age set. It is built around the annual competition for Queen of the Rose Bowl with some fairly amusing complications supplied by Charlotte Greenwood and



*James Whitmore, Nancy Davis, and Gary Gray, a frightened family in "The Next Voice You Hear"

Charles Coburn in typical characterizations. Diana Lynn has the title role, with Barbara Lawrence, Rock Hudson, and Charles Drake helping out. Chuckles, rather than guffaws, are the trademarks of this pleasant family comedy. (Universal-International)

Fred Astaire and Red Skelton combine dancing, clowning, and songwriting quite successfully in *THREE LITTLE WORDS*, a tribute to the tunesmiths, Kalmar and Ruby. One of the year's better Technicolor musicals, it has several expert Astaire routines, a long list of popular songs, Skelton at his best, and a cast of likable associates headed by Vera-Ellen, Arlene Dahl, Phil Regan, and Keenan Wynn. Frothy fun interspersed with Astaire artistry. (M-G-M)

WHERE THE SIDEWALK ENDS pits a grim detective against a ruthless racketeer in a struggle to solve a murder. The sleuth's hatred for hoodlums is almost psychopathic, for he is trying to live down his own father's criminal record. Though this has the conventional gangster-movie techniques, it is primarily a character study of a man battling his own

inner violence and hatred. Dana Andrews is excellent as the detective, and Gary Merrill makes a convincing crime leader. Gene Tierney is better than usual as the girl on the sidelines. Adult fare. (20th Century-Fox)

A romantic costume drama with a Fairbanks-style approach, *THE FLAME AND THE ARROW* is in the best tradition of the swashbuckling adventure tales. The mountains and plains of ancient Lombardy provide the backdrop for a story of invasion and suppression that has its modern counterparts. Burt Lancaster draws on his circus acrobat career for a role that demands agility and muscle. Virginia Mayo is a pretty Technicolor heroine, and hundreds of lesser lights swarm across the screen from time to time. Adults who enjoy these dashing, fantastic episodes from the past will find a satisfactory amount of excitement, romance, and intrigue here. (Warner Brothers)

The psychopathic murderers continue to mesmerize the movie-makers. In *WHERE DANGER LIVES* the story, acting, and direction are merely routine. The plot is a contrived

Edmond O'Brien and Wanda Hendrix have a mildly amusing piece of fluff in *THE ADMIRAL WAS A LADY*, concerned with the efforts of some 52-20 club members to avoid work. O'Brien and three pals are depicted as easygoing, ambitious vets content to enjoy life on the largesse they receive each week. Their encounter with a former *WAVE* leads them into a succession of misadventures and the anticipated reformation. A sprightly and generally attractive comedy, this is marred by the script acceptance of divorce as a satisfactory expedient. (United Artists)

In *THE GUNFIGHTER*, Gregory Peck is cast as a man endeavoring to live down his lurid past. Primarily a character study, the story has moments of high suspense, good comedy, and fast action as well. To some the character Peck plays is a vicious murderer, to others he is a man who must kill to avoid being killed by young gunners anxious to build their reputations by shooting him down. Sympathy is slanted in his direction by the writers, who have drawn him as a man saddened by his own ability yet motivated by the primary instinct of self-preservation. Peck's performance is terse and resourceful with Millard Mitchell, Jean Parker, Skip



★Valli, Glenn Ford, and Claude Rains take time out from mountain-climbing in "The White Tower"

affair, built around the actions of a doctor and patient after they have killed her husband. Their attempted flight to Mexico ends disastrously with the girl being shot down while in a maniacal rage. The doctor returns to a sweet nurse who has presumably waited without undue impatience. It takes all the skill of director John Farrow and players Robert Mitchum, Claude Rains, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Faith Domergue, to make this screen offering even briefly acceptable. (RKO-Radio)

PANIC IN THE STREETS is a taut entry in the overcrowded list of crime melodramas. Utilizing the semidocumentary technique, the story tells of a city's frantic efforts to capture three thieves who are also carriers of bubonic plague germs. The highly dramatic situation has been developed with considerable suspense and ingenuity, but there is an unfortunate and unnecessary tendency to condone immorality, which removes the picture from the recommended list. Richard Widmark is fine in the sympathetic role of a United States Public Health Service doctor, and in supporting roles Paul Douglas, Barbara Bel Geddes, and Walter Palance do quite well. (20th Century-Fox)



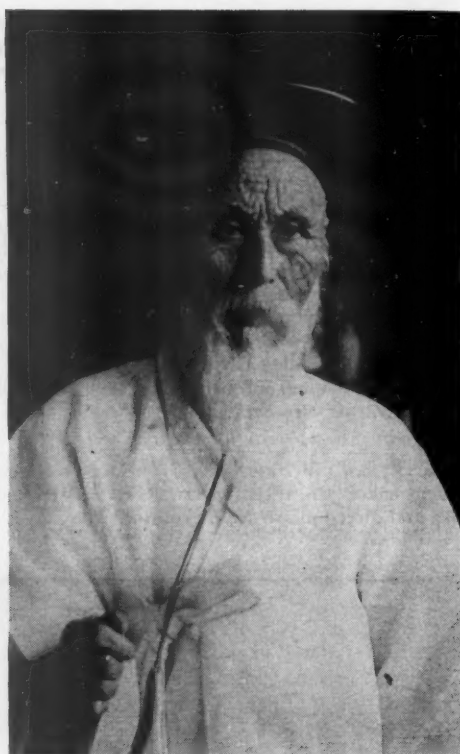
★Rock Hudson levels off on Jimmy Best, unsuspecting suitor of his secret wife (Diana Lynn) in "Peggy"

Homeier, Helen Westcott, and Richard Jaeckel contributing strong support. A controversial and compelling suspense story, this is several notches above the general run of Western fare. (20th Century-Fox)

If good intentions made fine movies, *THE NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR* would be the year's best. It strikes a startling and daring note in attempting to create a modern fantasy strong enough to arouse us from our moral lethargy. While it succeeds in stating a tepid theology, it never quite rings the bell as a forthright condemnation of current evils. The story tells how the "voice of God" breaks in on the world's radio wavelengths for six consecutive nights. An average family of father, mother, and twelve-year-old boy crystallizes the general reaction of disbelief, confusion, fright, faith, and final determination to amend. Technically, this is a modest affair, acted with effective sincerity by James Whitmore, Nancy Davis, Gary Gray, and Lillian Bronson. It contains all the elements of a provocative morality drama. While it presents a message of renewed faith with simplicity and the best of intentions, it never quite reaches the stratosphere. (M-G-M)



Modern washing machines are unknown to most of the women in Korea. Above, a mother beats the clothes near the local well.



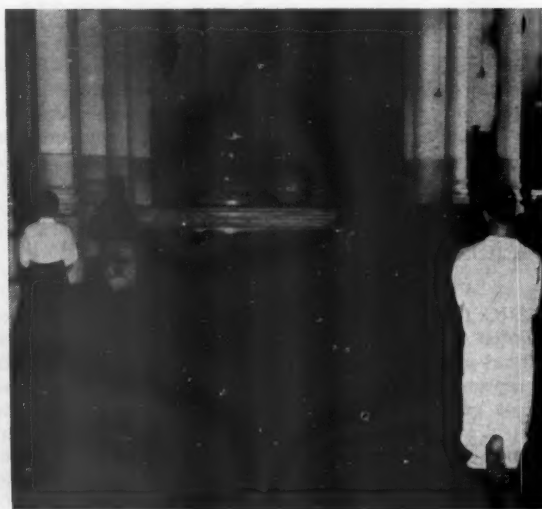
An old Korean gentleman dressed in the distinctive hat and gown of the country.

PEOPLE OF KOREA

• The Communist invasion of Korea has focused the eyes of the world upon that beleaguered peninsula once more. Freed from the Japanese after the war, Korea was divided by occupation forces. The Communist armies occupied the North; the American, the South. The pictures above contrast life in the North under the Reds with life in the



North Korean youths carry a banner of Stalin in a typical Communist parade. This picture was taken in Pyongyang.



Catholic cathedral in Jinsen. Of the thirty million people in Korea, a half million are Catholic.



The uniform of the North Korean police resembles that of the occupying Reds.



An ancient bronze bell of a Buddhist temple at the capital of Seoul. Buddhism is one of the three principal religions of Korea.

South under the Americans. The contrast is as striking as the luxury of Korea's modern cities as compared with the poverty of her backward areas.

In the North, the Communists have indoctrinated the entire population. Bishops have been imprisoned and the Church restricted. Policemen dress like Red soldiers, and banners of Stalin are

in evidence everywhere. In the South the churches are open, and the Catholic population increased by sixteen thousand in one year.

History is in the making every day, and the future of Korea is very uncertain, but her people look forward to the day when the peaceful rule of the South will finally extend to the entire nation.



Though the main streets of the cities are modern natives in the outskirts live in comparative squalor.



A view of the main street in Seoul (Keijo), the capital of Korea. It has the appearance of a modern American city.

PART TWO

His Name is Gonzales

The migrant worker, gypsy of the labor market, spurns federal aid, and, like Tito, spends precious earnings in fruitless search for work

by THEODORE J. RADTKE

IN THE BEET fields there is more work. You can toil and sweat from dawn till past sunset when it does not rain. You can hoe many an acre of beets if you keep attacking the task day in and day out, even on Sundays. You are allotted your share of acres to tend; you have a "house" of your own because the farmer is a big *ranchero*. He has a contract with the beet company. The company will buy his one thousand acres of beets in the fall.

Farmers are interested in the yield per acre in beet country. They inspect the fields with shrewd eyes.

Tito Gonzales knew nothing about big business farming. He wanted a job, a good job, a steady job, and he wanted wages such as those Pepe Hernandez talked about.

Pepe Hernandez perhaps talked very much at home in Texas to his friends, but here in the beet fields he was wise enough to know how to keep his place. He would not register a complaint even when the water pump failed; instead he sent little Roberto half a mile every day to carry the water supply of two buckets from Manuel Romero. The pump at Manuel's humble "home" was still in good order. Roberto did not complain—what a heartening liberty to be free from that shackling hoe for this one hour in twelve!

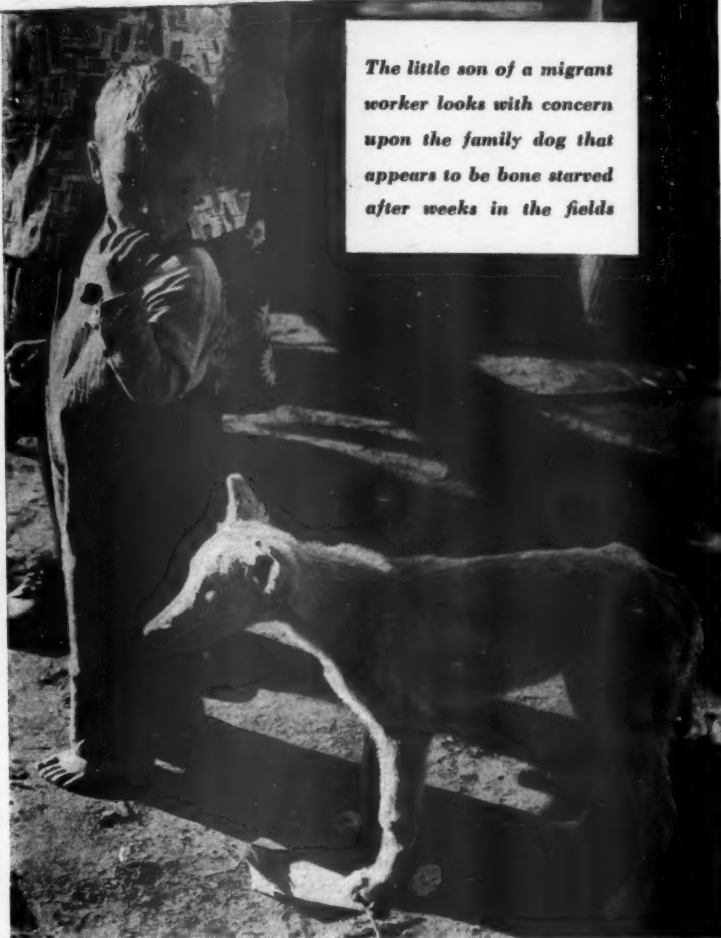
"Wait, wait, until the *jefe* inspector

comes around and discovers the pump himself. It is better that way." Pepe Hernandez knew how to keep his place.

Two weeks had passed since Tito found Pepe twenty miles from Saginaw on the beet farm. Surely God and Our Lady of Guadalupe wanted Tito to work in the beets. On that very day Arcario Medina had been driven off the Miller farm. Why did he insist on complaining to the *jefe* all the time? Arcario could read and write; he could have learned to be *jefe* inspector some day. What if he could measure acres and count numbers and wages! What of it if the store prices—the company store where he and everybody bought on credit until payday on August first—were higher than downtown? He would have to travel in his car downtown, wouldn't he? That would cost him gasoline. Perhaps Arcario went to school and learned A, B, C's and numbers—but of earthy wisdom he learned nothing.

Pepe Hernandez instructed Tito care-

The little son of a migrant worker looks with concern upon the family dog that appears to be bone starved after weeks in the fields



Photos courtesy of "Collier's"

fully on these matters when he helped him secure the forty acres which had been allotted to Arcario.

"María, we have the house; we have the water; we have the forty a-cres!"

"How much did the hoe cost, Tito?"

"The beans, they cost much money here," said Tito. "They do not have the chilies in the store. Can you make the *tortillas* from this flour?"

"How much did the hoe cost, Tito?"

"It is maybe three *dolar*, maybe four *dolar*—*quien sabe?*" Tito was evasive. "Tomorrow I will get hoe for you and for Inez and for Arturo. Tomás—he is not good yet with the hoe."

"We will let Tomás to watch his twin and Lucia," suggested María. "We must all work to keep the forty a-cres well."

A contract agreement is a happy security, a heavy responsibility.

The two-burner kerosene stove came to blue-flaming life. The coffee boiled away in a pan; beans boiled merrily in another. But no one can make *tortillas*

on a two-burner kerosene stove. The soft white wheat bread in the wrappers is not to be relished by *tortilla* teeth. A man who works hard with a hoe must have good hard food to chew on, good brown beans and chili sauce. Beans and chili sauce rolled up neatly in a *tortilla* were the *burritos* that Tito loved.

In June the cherries are to be picked in Traverse City. In July and August there is corn on the stalk, and pickles on the vines. These are closer to the Indiana-Ohio border. There are tomatoes and peaches and more corn on the stalk in Illinois. Whole segments of the city population run to Traverse City for the cherries—there is money in cherry picking for a week, perhaps two weeks. There are raspberries. Those who work fast with their hands for eight cents a lug can make fast money. It is the same in pickles, while they last.

"María, should we go to the cherries?"

"No, we will stay on the contract with the beets till August first payday."

TITO had had no cash money in his hand for more than a month. There was not even twenty-five cents for a movie on a Sunday afternoon. Only at the store could he buy gasoline on credit, so that at least once in two weeks the family could go to church—the church where they spoke Spanish in Saginaw. They could spend the day seeing the unfamiliar sights of the wonderful city. It was restfully pleasant for tired muscles at the blue-green waterfront on a warm and sunny Sunday

afternoon. At least the children could play in the dashing surf in their clothes; it was almost like taking a bath.

Tito decided to speak to Pepe.

"Pepe, if I had five *dólares* I could go to the cantina sometime with you and we could drink some beers together . . . like Crystal City, you know, in the Burro Bar."

"But Tito, my friend, when do I get the money back?"

"Payday—on payday, with two *dólares* extra."

"Make it five dollars extra on payday—*esta bien?*"

Pepe knew how to coin money in haste. When the next fellow needs it, he needs it. That is the time to make the bargain. Turn five dollars into ten in three weeks.

Beer in the cantina was useful small talk in approaching Pepe. Tito, however, needed five dollars to buy a tire for his car. It was two miles to the store where he bought the family groceries. The automobile is no luxury even for the poorest of men in the beet fields.

That week there was a great grapevine hub-bub through all the fields. There was going to be a show, a movie, a free movie on Wednesday night. Someone had been by in a station wagon with leaflets; there would be toys and candy for the children. Some man by the name of Reverendo Alfonso Allen was to give a lecture.

Those who could not read smiled in gleeful anticipation as they listened to their friends telling what the little pa-

pers announced. Among the blind the man with one eye is a king.

"María, we must go. The children do not see a show in so long."

Eight thousand Texans were working the fields of that treasured valley. They were scattered over sixty by thirty miles of rich loam bottom-land. They gathered in fiesta fashion from all parts on Wednesday evening. At least two hundred were there. They listened politely quiet to the long lecture before the movie. Tito and María sat on the grass, the children anxious but subdued. Little by little a strange feeling began to creep through their inmost souls.

"Tito, this *reverendo* must not be a Catholic; he is not talking of the Virgin Mary with holy words."

"Yes, María. Let us go home. We will say our prayers to the Virgin Mary. It is wrong for this *reverendo* to talk against her. Do you think maybe all our people here are Protestantes already?"

"I think maybe so. They should not stay. They should go away."

It was heartening to priests in many places to see a people living their Catholic faith in their "homes" and under the trees surrounding the beet fields at the horizon.

The very next day a car stopped at the edge of their field. The trailing dust cloud caught up with the driver, then the breeze wafted it up and away. A figure in a Roman collar was seen stepping out, then through the ditch, then across the field, his shoes kicking an earth-cloak now and again with a puff of dust. It was Father Schmidt from the church downtown. He came to visit and tell them that next Sunday afternoon the parish wanted them as guests for a free Mexican supper. In the evening there would be a movie in the parish hall.

THE feast of St. Ann, mother of the Blessed Virgin, patroness of the parish, called for a celebration.

"Oh, *si señor*," Father Schmidt chuckled as he answered Tito's question. There would be *enchiladas* and *tamales*, *empanadas de manzanas*, *frijoles*, and *tacos*, even some *chalupas*.

Father Schmidt did not explain, however, that upon his request the Altar Society had given him the free dinner tickets for his parishioners out in the fields.

Father Schmidt was not one to tell of his deeds. St. Ann's, however, could boast of a rummage store, and a maternity home, and a clinic. St. Ann's was a parish in which the Texans had come to settle years ago, speaking Spanish along the railroad track on that side of town which even in Michigan



Standing in line is a regular routine—at employment agency, at the store, and at the doctor's

is called the *colonia*, the "Mexican section."

Because Father Schmidt gave his heart to a people whom he wanted to understand and serve, a flourishing parish came to adopt the Catholic customs of the sons and daughters of Guadalupe who settled there.

In the Saginaw fields where Tito worked, seminarians spent six weeks of their summer vacation visiting the people, learning Spanish, teaching Catechism, preparing First Communion classes, organizing recreation, and operating the 16 mm. movie projector in the parish halls of the towns nearby.

The first of August was a beautiful day. It was raining; the roads were muddy. Who can bother about the rain or the puddles or the mud? This is a beautiful day. It is payday. The work in the beets is done. Everybody must go to town and celebrate.

Money, cold, cash money. The majority of the workers would be unfamiliar with a check. Give them cold, hard money. Even paper money is all right. Paper money can buy shoes, and dresses, and a suit of clothes, a generator for the car and an extra tire, a hat and a tie and a shirt; paper money will let you into the movie, into the cantina, into the liquor store. You can swagger into a shop to look over the colorful neckties for two dollars; you can take your time to pick just the one of red and white and green like the Mexican flag.

TITO received \$110. He earned \$660. There was his food bill, clothing, tools, medicine, pots and pans, stove rent, house rent, water and electricity, gas and oil bill to pay. All this was taken

out first. It was marked against him at the company store.

Tito did not understand the accounts. He did not even know how much he received for tending an acre. One hundred and ten dollars was a terrible wad of money to receive all at once. That meant he had lived for more than four months and had earned extra money besides. He felt like a king. They told him something about a bonus—he could collect a bonus if he would return in September to work in harvesting the beets. By September he wanted to be in Texas in the cotton.

That evening he saw Pepe Hernandez. He paid the ten dollars.

"How much money you get, Pepe?"

"Maybe \$300, maybe \$400—*quien sabe?*"

Tito was grateful to Pepe for securing him work in the beets. But he felt he should not trust him. One hundred and ten dollars would not buy a "new" car.

"Tomorrow, Tito, we will go to the cantina and drink one hundred beers together."

It reminded Tito of his father, Macedonio. Always a "hundred beers." Tito and Maria needed their money for more important things.

"No, Pepe, you go to the cantina, maybe, but I will go to the church and thank the Virgin Mary for the good work in the beets."

Tito did not know how great solicitude his Mother had for him.

The news came over the radio-fast grapevine the following evening. Pepe Hernandez did not drink beers; he drank from a liquor bottle straight. His head became hot and his voice got loud in the cantina. There was a good fight and Pepe's face was slashed. Pepe also had his arm broken when his friends—those

good cantina friends—threw him out the back door down the stairs.

"You, Mexicans, with your lingo," shouted the man behind the bar, "bring me just one more like that and I'll never let you inside this place—not even on paydays!"

The poor, ignorant man behind the bar! Did he not know that loud voices and a fight are only loud voices and a fight—this is a day to celebrate, payday. Tomorrow there is only toil and sweat. For one Pepe there are thousands who live quietly within the law.

A cantina only two blocks down the street already had a sign in the window, "No Mexicans." Overheard after the fight, coming from a man who sat on the corner stool, was, "Yeah, Tony, the police ought to clean 'em out of town. The work's done, ain't it? Ain't they been paid? Sure. Now let 'em clear outa here and get back home to Texas where they come from!"

They took Pepe that night to the clinic at St. Ann's Church. The Sister in charge called and found a doctor who would tend to his injuries. Sister Paula at the clinic seemed to understand, as if cut faces and broken arms were the daily routine even on Sunday evenings.

Pepe was sobering a little; at least he was respectful before Sister. She took a Sacred Heart badge and pinned it to his shirt before he left for the doctor's office. How did she know? Did she really know that Pepe's mother had given him into the keeping of the Sacred Heart many years ago? There was a Sacred Heart badge in Pepe's battered wallet. He had not kissed it for many a long and prayerless day.

Tomorrow he would—yes, after a long restful sleep, he would kiss the badge. The trail back to the Church and the



A view of a camp with shacks for homes surrounded by debris. Little Mexican boys, right, smile in the midst of it



Virgin Mary and the Sacred Heart had actually begun. God bless Sister Paula!

Gonzales gathered up the things of the household in less than one hour. They were tied here and there about the *charanga*—the jalopy—on his top and over his fenders and along his running board. Tito had already installed the new generator; the self-starter worked again. The children danced in smiling excitement. Tomorrow they would see the new shining cars on the road again, new rivers, new trees, new cities, new bridges—tomorrow all the world will enter their eager eyes and ears. Tomorrow there will be no beets and no hoe. For little ones tomorrow is always a wonderful adventure.

"We will go first to the Indiana country for the tomatoes," Tito announced to Maria. "They are tell me it is now time for the tomatoes and pickles. It is only maybe one hundred mile."

No one could explain who "they" were. The Employment Service could have told Tito far in advance there were no tomatoes this year in northern Indiana. The canneries were overstocked from the harvest of last year. Not an acre of tomatoes had been ordered up from the farmers. There were beans. But there was no work in the beans now. It was last year "they" found such good work in the tomatoes in Indiana.

The Employment Service would have told Tito to move into the berry harvest for a week or two, then come back for the beet harvest and his bonus. One hundred miles covered the round trip.

BUT Tito and "they" seemed never to have heard of the U. S. Employment Farm Placement Service. Even if he did, did it not have to do with the government? That is tantamount to going to the police! There were signs, big signs, along every highway calling out: Stop. Farm Workers Wanted. That town had an agent of the Employment Service to help "them" and Tito and all similar free-lance wandering workers. They were needed to bring in the crops. But for every one that stopped and learned where work was definitely available, there were ten who went by what "they" said.

Tito and Maria and five hundred others came into the camp twenty miles north of Huntington, Indiana, that week. There was work for none.

Traveling is expensive when there are seven mouths to feed. It is worse when there is no work for two weeks. One hundred dollars will not keep the family for long. And in August there is a rich cotton harvest in Texas.

Tito knew the land and the cotton in Texas. He knew the ranchers in many places, and they knew him and his

The Church and the Migrant Worker

IN Detroit, not too far away, the "old Irish" section took on a Mexican character because many a migrant worker had found it advantageous to live in the North near the factories and shops where men worked all the year round. In the old parish church the Brown Virgin replaced St. Patrick and the brogue gave way to a "Mexican" accent.

In Crookston, Minnesota, the Cathedral parish school made itself over for the summer months to accommodate the migrant children who otherwise never attended school. The Sisters taught them, housed them, and fed them for a week at a time; then the buses and cars distributed them over the landscape to their mothers and fathers for the weekend.

Near Auburn, North Dakota, two priests lived in a trailer out in the beet fields during the summer. Catechism and instruction started only after nine o'clock. No one is in from the fields before that hour. Sunday Mass may be said in the rural schoolhouse this Sunday, under a tree next Sunday, and in the living room of the ranch house the following Sunday. During the week the priests covered the beet front for hundreds of miles.

In Kansas, when the girl at the box office told the priest the Mexicans were not allowed in that theater, he said, "Well, we're going in anyway. Do you want our money, or don't you?" In they went; there was no trouble. The priest was treating his altar boys. Their brownish faces grinning and their white teeth gleaming told the priest what a hero he was.

"Father, you make us to be proud we are Americans!"

In Texas the parish priest lost half his parishioners in May; he would not see them again until December. He was one priest for three thousand, for four thousand—in places, for eight thousand—Catholic

souls. He was glad to have time enough to baptize the babies; he had sixteen Baptisms each week. He was glad enough being able to conduct classes for three hundred children for First Communion, say three Masses in three different towns each Sunday, and answer the sick calls, while he instructed those to be married and repaired the parish properties with hammer and saw and the assistance of the men. They naturally preferred to discuss each project with solemn views. There will be work like this even for the next generation. Some other generation shall have to build the parochial school.

In San Juan, Texas, the parish priest taught his people by radio every day for fifteen minutes in Spanish. On the ranches serious faces listened to him hundreds of miles away. Another priest wrote a weekly editorial column which the people could read in their own southwestern Spanish along with the news of the hydrogen bomb. Twenty-five diocesan and city newspapers printed his column.

Over the southwestern United States the Bishops formed the Bishops' Committee for the Spanish Speaking. Parish halls, clinics, catechetical centers, recreational centers were coming into being; the American Board of Catholic Missions was making it possible for the Bishops in the Southwest to give the Spanish-speaking people a Catholic advantage otherwise impossible.

Since 1945 the Church has maintained a Regional Office in the Southwest for a continuing study, survey, exploration, and experiment over the problem of the meeting of two Catholic cultures; in the Southwest the American Catholic culture meets the Mexican Catholic culture. The Church's interest is the spiritual and temporal welfare of her children. Three million American Catholics of Mexican descent are one-tenth of the Catholic population of the United States.

family from year to year. He could find employment in the cotton now if he were in Texas.

"Tomorrow, Maria, we go home to Texas and we stay. Maybe next year we get the contract in Texas first; then we come again. But we come only for the *betabeles*. We make only one hundred *dólares* this year; maybe next year we make three hundred, maybe, like Pepe Hernandez."

Maria had her Rosary beads entwined in her fingers, her hands lying in her lap, as she sat quietly on the other side of the seat of the rickety old car. Not long ago, five months ago, a little baby had reclined there.

"Yes, Tito, we will come back. We must come back to visit the grave of our Angelito."

It was a warm evening. They slept on the soft grass that night.



So Quick, So

Danny didn't want to break Christine's heart—but sometimes

by **JOHN J. RYAN**

MY older brother Al is in the next room packing. I can hear him humming a little, and the way he shuffles around I know he's dancing with himself and pretending that it's Christine. And I'm here feeling plenty low about the whole thing. I don't know how to tell him and I don't know if I should tell him.

Chris is down in Mother's room packing too, but I wonder if she is humming. Probably she is lying across the bed sobbing, and I guess it is all my fault.

I led her on. Now in five minutes more they will be gone and I don't know what to do. I just don't know.

Two weeks—and it has all gone by so quickly. Yet remembering Mom talking on the phone to Chris, it seems like a long, long time ago.

"Now we do want you, Christine," Mom said. "And I've told Al not to take 'no' for an answer. We've plenty of room, and the air is clear up here, and the rest will do you good."

She was only a name to me then, Al's girl. Well, that was all right with me. Anything Al did was all right. He's a pretty keen fellow, Al is. Why last May



"Hi ya, fella," he said, grinning. "Meet Christine, Chris to you."

So Clean an Ending

-but sometimes a man must choose between love and honor

when I was going to our senior prom at high school, Al drove all the way down from New Haven just to loan me his tux and convertible. So you see, college hasn't changed him at all.

The day they were due to come I just hung around the whole morning and didn't even go down for a swim.

"For goodness sakes," Mom said. "The train doesn't get in till noon. Think you hadn't seen your brother in years."

"Seems like years," I said, knowing Mom was really pleased. "Really be swell with Al here again. Hope he brought the baseball gloves."

It was ages before I heard the car. I

ran down and met them at the bridge. Just like old times, Al only slowed down and I had to jump quick to get on the runningboard.

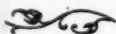
"Hi ya, fella," he said, grinning and taking one hand off the wheel to squeeze my arm. "Meet Christine. Chris to you."

I was hanging on for life, but I managed to stick my head in and mumble something. She smiled back and though it all happened in an instant, the way she looked, the even, perfect features, her wide, warm smile, her blue eyes and corn-colored hair, it registered with me in a different, disturbing way.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN MOTHER, QUEEN OF ALL ANGELS

by Edward F. Garesché, S.J.

*The Flame-plumed Seraphim
Hail you the Mother of Him
Whose glory makes their fiery legions dim.
The Cherubim, with love
Consumed, yet burning ever,
Know your heart's flame's above
Their utmost love's endeavor.
The Virtues with delight
Extol your singular light,
The Powers join their praise,
O mightiest and most blest,
Upon whose virginal breast
Rested the Power of power, the might of might;
Vouchsafed to mortal sight,
Yet still the God of all, on Whom all beings rest.
The glorious Principalities,
Delighted, own your universal way,
The Mother of their King, they soar away
To do your word, or, poised on eager wing,
Await what you will say.
The Thrones and Dominations ceaseless sing
God's glories with the Mother of their King,
Angels and Archangels in gowns of gold,
Their great wings lifted, eager for your word,
Wait to bear forth the graces that you hold,
To all the earth. Or, with uplifted word,
They guard, with fiery love, the wards you give.
Mother and Queen you are of all who live!*



DEATH OF THE VIRGIN

by Damian M. Kelly, O. Carm.

*What are you thinking, O Lady Divine?
Of the helping hand of John or the tears that Peter shed,
Or sight of long and piercing thorns around His bleeding Head?*

*"Of frankincense and myrrh and gold;
My Baby's infant hand to hold;
My Son for silver pieces sold."*

*Why are you crying, O Lady of mine?
Is there still the depthless numbing pain from swords that cut so deep,
Or memory of grief and sweat of Blood while friends did sleep?*

*"For scourges tearing at my Son;
For pain at being left alone;
For joy that now His task is done."*

*Why are you smiling, O Lady benign?
Is it choir of angels' voices or your Mother's Heart that sings
The glorious Magnificat that o'er the whole world rings?*

*"Five shining wounds before my eyes;
The loneliness within me dies;
My Son and I in Paradise."*

"Bring the gloves, Al?" I asked, when I was unloading their luggage. "Darn," he said and snapped his fingers. "Clean forgot them."

I guess I felt, right then, that things were not going to be the same any more. I tried not to show it, but Christine noticed.

"Al would forget his head," she said laughing. "We'll fix him. I'll play you some tennis. I brought rackets."

"Fine," I said, and she winked at me and Al noticed and laughed and threw an arm around my shoulder, and we all went in together.

That was how it all began. Christine and I played tennis every morning for the next three days. She played a hard game, but I always beat her. Then after a while I started missing them, making it look good, but to let her win. Then, the third day she was there I let her win a whole game. Afterward she ran over to me and we started toward the lake for a cool-off swim. She took my hand.

"That was sweet, Danny," she said, looking up at me and smiling.

I pretended I didn't know what she meant, but I did. I squeezed her hand and she didn't withdraw it. We swam together for such a long time that Al had to come down and get us for lunch. He didn't even seem sore, I mean about me spending so much time with his girl. He's such a swell guy, Al is.

THEN there was the afternoon Al took Mom into town to do some shopping and Chris and I took a tramp in the woods.

"Don't you have a girl, Danny?" she asked, as we walked through the cool woods. "I mean a special girl?"

She was walking ahead of me and all I could see was the back of her head. Before she had come, there had been Nancy who was in my class at school and whom I'd taken to the prom, but somehow since I had met Chris, Nancy seemed like such a child.

"No," I answered, and then heard my voice say, "Only you."

"What a nice thing to say," she said, and I was glad she didn't turn around because I was blushing like a beet. "Thank you, Danny."

She threw herself down by a tiny stream. She had brought a book along and now she held it up toward me.

"I bought this for you in our college bookshop after Al had told me about you. I hope you like it, Danny."

The book was *A Shropshire Lad*, by A. E. Housman. I was so overcome that I couldn't say a thing, not a single, solitary thing. I felt my eyes fill and for one awful moment I thought I was going to cry. Imagine that! I stammered,

"Thanks," but Chris looked down at the stream and I was grateful for that.

I flipped through the pages and then some writing caught my eye. I read it once and I read it through again. I could feel my heart pounding like it would burst and my hands shook. I thought of Al and what good pals we had always been. I thought of a lot of things. Chris looked up at me, waiting for me to say something.

"Do you think you'll like it, Danny?" she asked.

"I think it's the—the most beautiful book I've ever owned," I shouted hoarsely and without once turning around I ran all the way back to the cottage.

BACK in my room, I read it again, just to make sure, and there it was and I knew from that day on my whole life would be different. For on the flyleaf, in her angular hand, Chris had written:

"To Danny With Love."

I didn't go down to supper. Somehow I could not face Al. I wanted to stay away from the dance that night too, but I had to see her; somehow I had to tell her that I felt that way too; that from the first moment when I had seen her in the car no one else would ever matter.

True she was older, twenty-one to my sixteen and six months, but that would not matter too greatly. What if her hair turned gray first—I would still love her forever. She would be thirty-one to my twenty-six and a half; forty-three to my thirty-eight and . . .

I listened to the music drift across the black water of the lake for a long time before I went over. I could see the colored lights strung along the pier and the figures moving across the dance floor. The air was warm and heavy, and I remembered it was August and pretty soon we would close up the cottage and go back to the city, and I knew there would never be another summer like this one, never in a million years.

Chris was dancing with Al and I watched her for a moment and felt my heart go all strange. She was so smooth and so beautiful. Then Nancy came up, kind of shyly, and stood next to me.

I asked Nancy to dance and guided her out to near where Al and Chris were dancing. I caught Al's eye. "Swap women with ya," I called out. He smiled. "Been trying to unload this female all night," he said jokingly. Chris danced into my arms. Al glided off with Nancy.

I never remember the air at the lake so sweet, nor the band so keen. I never remember having something heavy and happy tugging at me inside like that night. I never remember any magic like

that, and even if I live to be fifty I know nothing like it will ever even come again.

"Al is such a swell fellow," Chris whispered. "Really swell."

"Sure is," I said. Well, I understood. She did not want to do anything to hurt him. I didn't either. If it was anyone else's girl—but Al is such a wonderful person.

"It's been splendid up here," she said. "I almost hate to leave it."

I understood that, too, and there was nothing I could say. The set ended and Al strolled over.

"Not stealing my girl, are you, Danny?" he asked.

I felt a funny cold chill, but I didn't



Back in my room, I read it again, just to make sure, and there it was

say anything. I made a big business about lighting my new pipe and not looking at Chris. Then the music started and they danced away.

I started off the floor. I wanted to puff on my pipe and try and think the whole thing out sensibly, but the pipe kept going out and I couldn't keep my thoughts straight, anyhow . . .

"You're not leaving the dance, Danny, are you?" It was Nancy. She is a good kid, I thought, but this is an adult problem.

"I'm afraid so, my dear," I said. "When you get older dancing loses some of its kick."

JOHN J. RYAN is a young veteran whose writings have appeared in *Yank*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and also in a great many Catholic magazines.

She looked at me, startled. "Why I'm six months older than you and I still enjoy it."

I tried to smile at her. Little did she know of heartbreak, little indeed.

"Try to think kindly of me," I said. "Always."

"But Danny . . ." she said, but I kept on walking up to the cottage.

Later I was sitting alone on the porch steps and Christine came along and sat there with me. We hardly said anything at all. Oh, the things I had planned to say—the way I was going to beg her not to leave—the lines from the book she had given me that I had memorized, and in the end I didn't say a thing.

"It's late," she said finally. "I don't think I'll wait up for Al—he'll be tired from driving all those people home, anyhow."

"Chris," I said and it just tore itself right out of my heart. "Chris, I love you."

She stood dead still and in the moonlight she was radiantly lovely.

"Why, you poor . . ." her voice was full of compassion. Then she stopped. She leaned forward and kissed my forehead. "Why, I love you, too, Danny, in a special way," she said. "You're one of the sweetest boys I have ever known."

And then I was alone. I stayed there the whole night until it got so cold that I was shivering, but still I stayed there. And it was only when the mist began rising from the lake and the sun started coming up that I went in—and even then I could not sleep.

This morning at breakfast, Al announced that he and Chris are going to become engaged on her birthday in September and that they plan to marry as soon as he finishes college next year. I got up from the table and I ran to my room, and I've been here all day. Al knocked twice, but I didn't answer. Now he's packing and Chris is packing and I keep remembering what a swell guy Al has always been.

CAN I walk into his room and tell him the truth? Can I tell him Chris is in love with me and I am in love with her and that she even wrote it in a book and even kissed me to prove it? Well, I can't. I just can't, and that's all there is to it.

The lake will be different, next year will be different, and the one after that, and I'll spend my whole life alone, just me and Mom. And I'll never marry and I'll never love another girl if I live to be fifty. And Al will never know the secret Chris and I share. This is the ending of that, quick and clean.

And tonight I'll try to put it all out of my mind at the dance with Nancy. But I'll never forget Chris.

Never. Never. Never.



The crossbill tried to pull the nail from one of the hands of Christ

Legends of the Cross

Fancies, too, can proclaim the glory of
God. The Christian imagination has spun some pretty
ones around the Cross of Christ

by **GWENDOLINE MILLER** and
ELISABETH MURPHY NYDEGGER

DURING the first Holy Week, and only shortly after He had triumphantly entered into Jerusalem, Jesus found Himself deserted by all except His Mother and His closest friends. Yet, even His disciples, Peter, James, and John, could not stay awake to watch with Him while He prayed in the Garden.

Indeed, He must have felt Himself abandoned. But legend tells us that Nature, which had sung at His birth and which was to sing again at His resurrection, mourned with Him during His Passion.

The birds did not forsake Christ then, but rather sorrowing, they stayed close beside Him. They watched with Him in the Garden; they flew beside Him on His painful climb to Calvary; they hovered round Him on the cross; they kept a sad vigil at His tomb; and they rejoiced at His resurrection. Of all the birds three only were unfriendly: the raven, the magpie, and the sparrow. The raven and the magpie perched upon the bar of the cross and mocked Jesus and from that time on they have been known as birds of evil portent.

When Judas Iscariot led the soldiers to the Garden of Gethsemani, the birds, in an attempt to protect the Saviour, fluttered away from the place where He was hiding and tried to misdirect the men. That is, all the birds joined in this loving effort except the sparrow, which by shrill and constant chirping betrayed Christ's presence to the searchers. Not the least bit repentant for its sin, this mischief-maker proved itself traitorous upon a second occasion:

the crucifixion. For, when the Roman soldiers came to discover whether Jesus were still alive so that they might torment Him further, the sparrow cried out, "He is living; He is living!" and drowned the swallows' shielding song, "He is dead; He is dead!" As a punishment, the sparrow has thereafter had its legs tied together by invisible bonds so that it can only hop.

Not really treacherous, more nearly selfish and insensitive, the cuckoo, too absorbed in nest-building to look up as Christ passed, continued working. Over and over the cuckoo called its own name: "Cuckoo, Cuckoo!" Legend says that this self-centered bird was not ever aware of the crucifixion until Our Lord, walking abroad after His glorious resurrection, turned reproachful eyes upon it. Then, overcome by remorse, the unhappy bird gave one cry and flew away to begin a life of ceaseless wandering. Subsequently, the cuckoo has not been permitted to stop long enough to build a home but has been forced to lay its eggs in nests made by other birds.

During Christ's last and painful walk, the swallows flew beside Him and picked stones and thorns from His aching feet whenever He fell beneath the weight of the heavy cross. And after the summit of Calvary was reached, these faithful birds tried in vain to snatch from the executioners the nails with which they were fastening Him to the cross. Denied and deserted by so many of His human friends, Jesus was immeasurably touched by the fidelity of the "fowls of God."

While the Saviour was hanging on the cross, a small brown bird kept fluttering about His tortured head. Nearer and nearer it flew, hoping to reduce His suffering if only by a single pang and at last succeeding in pulling one of the cruel barbs from the crown of thorns.

Because through loving pity this bird stayed so close to Our Lord, its breast was stained scarlet by the precious blood which flowed from His wounded brow. No longer a plain brown bird, it was now the Robin Redbreast.

Feeling compassion for Christ in His agony, one bird endeavored to pull out the nails which held His hands impaled upon the cross. Ultimately the attempt was a failure; and yet the bird kept on until its beak had been twisted askew, for which act of perseverance Our Lord gratefully decreed that such a demonstration of love should be remembered henceforth through the peculiar marking and the common name of the species—the crossbill.

Even the owl, once among the most joyous of songsters, was present on that first Good Friday, but its spirit was so saddened by the spectacle of the crucifixion that it has never had the heart to sing again. And so it goes abroad at night uttering only the lugubrious "cruz, cruz" which means "the cross, the cross."

Unlike the birds, the flowers and shrubs could not accompany their Creator; nevertheless they proved their constancy and grief in other ways. As Christ walked in the Garden of Gethsemani, every tree, shrub, and flower, but one, bowed low before Him as He passed. The sole exception was the proud lily, which exclaimed, "Am I not pure enough to gaze upon my Master? Indeed, to look upon my immaculate white petals can only cause Him pleasure." And so, while the rest prostrated themselves, the lily remained upright until Our Lord came near. Then its head dropped before the purity and humility in His eyes, and a flush of deep mortification spread over the white blossoms. Never thereafter did it raise its head, and never thereafter was

this particular variety of lily able to boast of snowy beauty.

There was just one traitor among the plants on Holy Thursday: a broom whose loud crackling not only disturbed Christ's prayers but also revealed His last refuge to Judas and his followers. Upbraiding the plant, which shared with the sparrows the guilt of aiding the persecutors, Our Lord said, "May you always be as noisy as you are at this moment." Thus in penance the broom has suffered the humiliation of becoming a device for sweeping.

On the other hand, Mary and Jesus had been concealed from Herod's soldiers by the gentle and fragrant rosemary, upon which herb Mary later spread her Baby's linen to dry. Hence it was in remembrance of being singled



Only the evil birds were unfriendly to Christ—the raven, the magpie, and the sparrow

out for this honor that the rosemary put forth on Good Friday new leaves for the embalming of Christ's body.

Among those who were with Our Lord in the mournful procession to Calvary was Veronica, a pious woman of Jerusalem, who later became one of the first saints of the early Church. Noticing drops of bloody sweat on Jesus' forehead, she gave Him her handkerchief, and when He returned it to her, the likeness of His Face had been miraculously imprinted upon the cloth. A similar reproduction of the image of the Holy Face was made when this same handkerchief touched a bouquet of speedwell that Veronica was carrying. Even today Christ's face can be seen in the blossom of the speedwell which commonly and symbolically has come to be known as the Veronica.

Of all who finished the heartbreaking march to the scene of the crucifixion, the one who suffered most was Christ's Mother. Years before when, in accordance with Mosaic law, Mary had taken the Infant Jesus to the temple to present Him to the Lord, Simeon had foretold: "And thine own heart a sword shall pierce." Now, gazing in anguish at her Crucified Son, she experienced the fulfillment of the prophecy. Simultaneously, a blood drop appeared in the center of the blossom of a cyclamen, growing nearby, and the resultant scarlet spot, a distinguishing characteristic of this flower, has continued to reflect the Holy Mother's grief.

Many other flowers were at the foot of the cross on which the Saviour was hanging: among them, white roses which pushed closer and closer to the Saviour until some of His precious blood fell upon them and transformed them from white to crimson. And thus was born the red rose. The anemone of Palestine, called blood-drops-of-Christ, also exchanged a white for a carmine hue when the sacred blood fell upon it, and in the same manner the purple stripes of the jack-in-the-pulpit received their tint in the hour of Our Lord's agony.

When Christ was taken down from the cross and placed in the tomb, a large number of flowers died of sorrow; but the pink jasmine merely folded its petals and endured its pain. When it reopened on Easter morning, it had turned pale from grief, and ever afterward the jasmine has remain white.

Together with the birds and the flowers, the trees showed their compassion for Christ, and some of them were physically altered by the events and experiences of Holy Week. Originally, the willow had borne its slender boughs proudly upright, but, after the soldiers had used its long, lithe branches to scourge Our Lord, this tree drooped and shed tears, and subsequently has been called the weeping willow.

Similarly, the color of the Judas (or redbud) blossoms is evidence of the shame felt when Judas, the betrayer, hanged himself from one of its branches.

Upon the arrival in the forest of men after timber for the cross, the trees shook with dismay at the very thought of supplying material for that impious instrument. And the leaves of the poplar and of the birch have persisted in their trembling even when there is no visible stirring among other trees.

But the dogwood (in the day of Christ a large tree, great and strong like the oak) was not permitted to escape the awful fate of providing wood for the cross. Its involuntary participation in the crucifixion so distressed the tree that Our Lord kindly promised: "Never again shall the dogwood grow sturdy

enough to be used for a cross of execution; hereafter, it shall be slender, bent, and twisted. The four petals of its flower shall form a cross, and in each petal shall be a nail print stained with blood and brown with rust."

The following stanzas selected from a poem by Eileen Duggan, a New Zealand poet, both summarize Nature's sorrow during the Passiontide and look forward to her joy in the Easter season:

Young Christ went groaning up to
Quarantana,
With His tall head flung up against
the sky.
Spring cried to Him from every
bush and bramble.
He passed her blindly by.

Oh, every tree was given up to
blossom,
And every bee burred in the broken
lane,
But as He passed, the little bees and
blossoms
Were still with love and pain.

And every bird bent sideways in
its sorrow,
And whispered softly to Him as
He went,
"My brightness, are You black and
lost in anguish,
"My sweetness, are You spent?"

Young Christ came smiling down
from Quarantana,
He blessed each bird along the
broken lane,
And said, "My little pity, it is over,
My gladness, sing again."



The tiger lily, once dazzling white, was punished for its pride in Gethsemani

SPORTS

by DON DUNPHY

Manager O'Neill

We were naturally very sorry to learn that ill-health had again forced Joe McCarthy to retire from baseball, but, since an ill wind usually blows someone some good, we were glad to note that fortune again had apparently smiled on Steve O'Neill, the jovial Irishman from Minooka, Pa. Joe McCarthy, in leaving the helm of the Boston Red Sox, has been succeeded by his coach, O'Neill. You may have noted the word "apparently" in the reference to fortune's smiling, in a preceding sentence, for the way the Red Sox have been going this year it is hard to say whether running them is a good break or a bad one. It didn't turn out so well for Marse Joe, but maybe his successor will have better luck.

Incidentally, this is the third time that rotund Steve has been called on to pinch-hit as manager, and on one occasion, at least, he did mighty well. This was in 1945, when he steered the Detroit Tigers to a pennant and World Championship.

In his playing days in the American League, O'Neill was a great catcher for the Cleveland Indians in an era when the so-called junior loop was loaded with terrific receivers. Just to name a few of Steve's contemporaries of the mask and mitt, there were Wally Schang of Boston, Ray Schalk of Chicago, Muddy Ruel of the New York Yankees, Cy Perkins of Philadelphia, and Hank Severeid of St. Louis. These were top receivers, but none was better than O'Neill, whose fine handling of pitchers and general all-around play helped the Cleveland Indians to their first pennant back in 1920.

My last recollection of O'Neill as an active ballplayer was the afternoon of July 4, 1925. Then Steve, near the end of his playing career, was catching for the Yankees. It was the first game of the Independence Day doubleheader be-

tween the Yankees and the Philadelphia Athletics. The Yankees, who finished seventh that year, were going nowhere in particular, but the Athletics were in the thick of the pennant fight. Although it took place a quarter of a century ago, the game stands out in my memory because I thought it was one of the pitching classics of all time.

The game was a duel between two great left-handers—Herb Pennock of New York and Lefty Grove of Philadelphia. Pennock, as you know, was the flawless pitching perfectionist who rarely wasted a pitch and seldom walked a batter. Grove, in his first year in the American League, was blazing fast but, oh, so very wild. A scoreless game is seldom very exciting, but this one had the fans on the edges of the seats all the way. Pennock was smooth and the Athletics seldom threatened. Grove, on the other hand, was in hot water all the way. But the Yankees couldn't score on him. Nine innings went by without a run. So did the tenth. In the eleventh the Yankees filled the bases with no one out, but Grove bore down and struck out the side. He received a thundering ovation from the partisan Yankee crowd. Grove was spectacular, but Pennock, caught by O'Neill, was cool and relentless as he mowed down the A's inning after inning. So it was nothing to nothing as the Yankees came to bat in the last of the fourteenth. With two out the Bombers got a man to second.

Up came Steve O'Neill. Grove, who had pitched himself out of one jam after another, fired a fast ball. O'Neill swung. A line drive to center for a base hit and the game was over, the New Yorkers winning 1-0 in fourteen innings. Pennock, who was superb on the hill, gave up but four hits to the slugging Philadelphiaans, but Grove, though wild and hit fairly hard, never lost a tougher game.

Back in 1935 O'Neill signed as a coach with the Cleveland Indians. That was the season that the Tribe, under Walter

Johnson, started out with a bang but then blew up. On August 4 of that year O'Neill was called on to succeed Johnson as manager. Steve managed the Indians through '37, then went to the minors as pilot for four years.

O'Neill became a coach with the Detroit Tigers in 1941. The next year he was sent to Texas to iron out things for the Tigers' farm team at Beaumont and won a pennant for them. In 1943 he replaced Del Baker at the helm for the Bengals. In 1944 they lost the pennant on the final day of the season to the St. Louis Browns, but in 1945 victory was achieved both in the pennant fight and in the World Series over the Chicago Cubs.

The jovial manager is credited with aiding in the development of two of the modern era's greatest pitchers—Bob Feller and Hal Newhouser. Steve brought Feller along as a seventeen-year-old farm boy back in 1936 and 1937 and helped him become an all-time great.

After he took over the Tigers, his patient and understanding attitude is credited with changing the once-tempestuous southpaw into the American League's most successful left-hander since Grove.

We wish O'Neill plenty of luck with the Red Sox in his quest for more glory in the American League.

As for his predecessor, Joe McCarthy, we'll have to go along with the statement of a man who should know. Ed Barrow, former general manager of the Yankees and an all-time great among baseball executives, picks McCarthy as the greatest manager of all time.

Hogan's Favorite Title

Ben Hogan, who recently won a thrilling playoff to regain the National Open Golf Championship, has always been noted for his great play in the clutch. He has won many great titles but there's little room for doubt about Ben's favor-

ite golf title. That's the Land of the Sky Championship, a tournament Hogan won so often that it was considered his private property. Ben finished second in 1939. He won it in 1940 and repeated in 1941. In April of 1942 he went after his third straight championship.

Hogan did all right, but there was one golfer who threatened to spoil his efforts. Lawson Little, the British and American amateur champ and the National Open titleholder, got burning hot in the third round. In the Sky Tournament the year before, Little had set a course record of 66 for one round. Just to show he could do it again, Little went out and pulled a repeat, tying his own record of 66 in the third round, to take the lead after fifty-four holes with 205 strokes. Also playing good golf, the best Hogan could get was a 208, which tied him with former P-G-A and National Open champ, Byron Nelson, for second place.

The fourth round seemed unnecessary the way Little was burning up the course.

Those three strokes represented a healthy enough margin, and Little seemed likely to increase it, for he wasn't the kind of golfer to blow a good lead.

Thousands of fans lined the Asheville, North Carolina, course that Sunday. They remembered that Little had lost to Hogan in the final round the year before, despite his record 66. That time Bantam Ben had fired a 68 for the last eighteen holes, good enough to beat Little by two strokes. This shaped up as a revenge battle—a natural attraction for almost any sports fan.

Hogan was calm and cool, and Little was determined to bring home the bacon, as the two great competitors started off on their final rounds. They matched stroke for stroke, with neither able to get an advantage. At the end of nine holes they were all even, at 36 strokes. That was fine for Little, just the way he wanted it. If he could keep this up to the end, he'd have whipped Hogan and there didn't seem to be any other contender.

Hogan and Little continued their brilliant fairway duel. Ben's steady hands sank a difficult putt to give him a birdie on the tenth and he picked up a stroke on Little. The comeback kid did it again on the eleventh, and now he trailed Little by only one stroke.

As they were playing, the announcement was made that Byron Nelson had finished his seventy-two holes with 278. That meant Hogan would need 69 or better to win while Little had to card a 70 to beat Nelson. This was the test of a real golfer. Nelson had given them a score to shoot at. Both Little and Hogan knew what they had to do.

Hogan tied Little with a par on the twelfth, then he turned on the steam. A birdie three, a par three, and another birdie three. He faltered with a one over on the sixteenth, but he came back with pars on the seventeenth and eighteenth. That was it—a third consecutive win for Hogan in the Land of the Sky Championship. He won it by a single stroke and, as usual, in the clutch.



Recently, the Gillette Safety Razor Company, which in its *Cavalcade of Sports* sponsors most of the big-time sports events in this country, held a convention at Wentworth by the Sea in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The adjoining picture was snapped there, and I thought you'd like to see some of the fellows you hear on the air and over television. From left to right, we have Mel Allen who annually broadcasts the World Series and All-Star baseball game and who does the Yankees games over Station WINS during the regular season. Next to Mel, we have a chap who certainly needs no introduction to anyone. He is Bill Corum who, teamed with the author, is now in his tenth year of broadcasting the nation's top fights. Bill came into even greater prominence recently when he was appointed head man of the Kentucky Derby. He also continues his sports column for the *New York Journal-American*. Smiling in the background, we have Boston's pride, Jim Britt, one of the top all-around sports announcers of the country. Jim, who does the home games of the Braves and Red Sox, is also heard on the World Series. The next chap in the picture is your sports editor, and after him comes the greatest of all horse race announcers, the one and only Clem McCarthy.

THE *Sign* POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Roman vs. Oriental Rites

May a Roman Catholic hear Sunday Mass in a Greek church, even though churches of the Latin rite are within easy reach? May he receive Holy Communion under the same circumstances?—I. F., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Among Oriental Churches, a sharp distinction must be made between the so-called Orthodox groups who are not unified with the Vicar of Christ and the Uniat groups who are as thoroughly Catholic as the Roman or Latin element. Between the Roman and Uniat Catholics, there is no difference whatever on the score of faith or morals: the only difference has to do with liturgical rites—for example, the official languages used during Mass and for the administration of sacraments, the use of leavened bread for the Eucharist, etc. When no conflict of belief is implied, ceremonial procedure is of secondary moment.

Prior to 1893, there was no general concession to receive Communion according to a rite other than one's own. When the concessions were first granted, they were made for the benefit of those who lived at a far distance from a church of their respective rite. According to the present Code of Church Law: To all the faithful of any rite, permission is given to receive the Sacrament of the Eucharist, for the sake of devotion, regardless of the rite according to which the Sacrament is consecrated. However, all should be urged to fulfill the precept of Easter Duty, by receiving the Sacrament according to their own rites. The same is to be said apropos of Viaticum, aside from cases of urgent necessity (Canon 866). The obligation of Sunday Mass may be fulfilled in any Catholic church regardless of rite.

Our Lady's Assumption

I can't find any reference in the New Testament to Our Lady's assumption to heaven. How can the Church make this claim a point of faith?—R. W., CHICAGO, ILL.

To justify an infallible pronouncement by the Teaching Church, in reference to faith or morals, it is requisite and sufficient that the truth so defined be contained in Divine Revelation. That Revelation embraces the Old Testament as well as the New; it comprises the Word of God transmitted orally and known as Tradition, as well as the written Scriptures.

Circumstances may urge that the Teaching Church certify the fact of any given point of Revelation. When the Church does so infallibly, the official declaration is known as a definition of the Faith. A definition can be occasioned by several factors, such as the denial of a revealed truth or the need for clarification. Since the implicit is never as clear as the explicit, doubt can easily arise as to the precise meaning of Revelation: comparative obscurity clamors for a clear-cut definition. Another benefit of infallible definition is the

timely emphasis thus placed upon a revealed truth—a divine propaganda fruitful of edification.

The truth of Our Lady's Assumption to heaven means that the sacred body of Christ's Mother has been transferred from earth to heaven and that—united with her immaculately conceived soul—it now shares in Mary's beatitude as the Co-Redemptrix of the world. Although dependent upon her divine Son, Mary shares nonetheless the rights of conquest over the devil, sin, and death—"the wages of sin." But that victory would not be verified were Mary's body subject to dissolution or were there any notable delay in the glorification of her body. Mary's motherhood of God Incarnate is the divine reason for the many privileges accorded her. The congruity of those privileges is patent to all who believe in the divinity of her Son. It is consistently congruous that the one person who, though naturally born of Adam, did not inherit original sin, and who was personally sinless throughout life, should be spared the sanctions of sin.

The particular font of Revelation wherein Mary's Assumption can be established is divine, oral Tradition. A definition of this truth by the Teaching Church will simply emphasize infallibly a belief that is ancient in the Church of both East and West. Mary's Assumption to heaven has never been classified as a mere opinion. A truth which is revealed divinely—whether by way of Scripture or Tradition, whether explicitly or implicitly—is classified as a matter of divine faith. When a revealed truth is also defined infallibly by the Church, it is classified as a matter of divine and Catholic faith.

Sunday Mass Obligation

Re the obligation of Sunday Mass, please clarify: What is considered a grave omission? If a part of Mass be missed, should it be made up at another Mass?—G. B., LINCOLNDALE, N. Y.

The obligation of Mass on Sundays and holydays can be discharged properly only by attentive presence throughout the entire Mass, from the initial prayers until the blessing that precedes the last gospel. The widespread and reprehensible habit of arriving late and of leaving before the conclusion of the Mass savors of worshiping God with a "stop watch" attitude. Generally speaking, the same element would not be tardy in arriving at a theater or a baseball park.

To fail, through one's fault, to hear Mass in its entirety is sinful. The sin is grave or less than grave, depending upon whether or not the omission be considerable. Such an omission can be quantitative or qualitative—it is gravely sinful to miss a considerable percentage of the Mass or the most important parts of the Sacrifice. A considerable percentage of the Mass would be a third of the service, even though that one-third did not include the principal parts of the sacrifice. On the latter score, and regardless of the time factor, it would be gravely sinful to miss the Consecration and Communion of

the Mass. A third part of the Mass can be missed by not being present until after the Offertory; by "whittling" down the earliest and the concluding parts of the Mass—the pet weakness of the last to arrive and the first to leave.

Unless reasonably excused, one is obliged to attend another Mass in order to supply for a defective attendance. The obligation to do so is grave or venial, depending upon whether or not the defect be considerable. How to estimate a considerable defect has been explained above. The principal parts of the Mass should be attended in proper sequence. Hence, in making up for a serious omission in a previous Mass, patchwork is outruled whereby, for example, one would attend the Consecration of one Mass and the Communion of another. In the fulfillment of obligations, the tendency to "whittle" is, at times, more or less understandable. But the Sacrifice of the Mass is an opportunity rather than an obligation.

Mixed Marriage in Church

Why is it that mixed marriages are allowed before the altar in some places but not in others?—R. M., WEEHAWKEN, N. J.

The general law of the Church rules that marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics be contracted outside church. The same law leaves it to the discretion of the Ordinary of each diocese to dispense this prohibition, if he deem it advisable. But under no circumstances may such a marriage be permitted in connection with the celebration of the Sacrifice of the Mass (Canons 1109/#3; 1102).

By this time, most if not all dioceses in this country permit a mixed marriage to be held within the church. Explicit permission must be sought and obtained in writing from the Chancery Office. Any normal Catholic can understand why it is that mixed marriages are only tolerated by the Church, and that consistently the Church does not accord full cordiality to such marriages. The concession whereby a mixed marriage is permitted in church bespeaks a twofold objective. It is a charitable modification of the rigors of a justifiable law and at the same time emphasizes the sacredness and indissolubility of marriage. In reference to at least one of the two dioceses you specify, you are misinformed—a mixed marriage is permitted within the church.

Doubletalk?

As I read "The Sign Post," it seems to me that you do a bit of hedging. The enclosed from the April issue seems to be doubletalk. What is the distinction between enhancing one's attractiveness "in a spirit of vanity" and not in that spirit?—G. K., CHICAGO, ILL.

To enhance means simply to improve. Whether cosmetics enhance is at least debatable. Does not recourse to artificial supplements imply an admission of deficiency? Vanity is excessive self-admiration and an excessive desire to be admired by others.

Perplexed

The Legion of Decency condemns certain photo and stage plays as "Objectionable in Part." At the same time, I find a prominent diocesan paper enthusing over a Class B production.—S. M., OYSTER BAY, N. Y.

In this and any similar case, it is somewhat difficult to harmonize recommendation and condemnation. However, the former is accorded on a different basis from the latter. We incline to think that the reviewer is entitled to enthuse over the artistic features of the production. The qualification or

warning, "Objectionable in Part," is prominently displayed as a prefix to the text of the review.

The pity of it is that an otherwise excellent production is spotted by the objectionable. And it takes a good deal of boycott to bleach out the spottiness. This problem was enlarged upon with calm and balance in the radio address of the Very Rev. Francis E. Connell, C.S.S.R., of the Catholic University, on Sunday, June 18. A copy of the address may be had for the asking upon application to the National Council of Catholic Men, Catholic Hour Radio Bureau, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

In "The Sign Post" of March, 1949, we wrote at considerable length apropos of theatricals that are objectionable in part. Before attending a production so classified, "we are bound in conscience to have reasonable assurance that, at least for ourselves as individuals, the particular 'B' is harmless." We should find out the reason for the "B" classification. Hence, for the guidance of conscientious Catholics, it would be helpful were the Legion of Decency to repeat publication of the reason as long as a given production is current. Under the circumstances, it might not be a harsh policy, were editors to instruct reviewers to snub all "B" productions by committing them "to Coventry."

Correction

Again we recommend to parents two sets of booklets adapted to the various age brackets of children: *Mother's Little Helper—A Mother's Heart to Heart Talks to Her Daughter*; and *Listen, Son—A Father's Talks on the Facts of Life and Catholic Ideals of Social Conduct*. We wish to rectify the publisher's address. Apply to Marian Mothers, 4507 North Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill.

Incongruous?

My husband, though a sincere Catholic, is disturbed by the wealth of the Church as embodied in beautiful churches, costly vestments, sacred vessels, etc.—O. M., BOSTON, MASS.

We do not doubt your husband's sincerity, but his perspective is out of kilter. You have given an adequate reply to his difficulty. True, there is much poverty in the world, owing to the social injustice for which man is responsible. But that fact would not justify housing God in a makeshift structure or providing shoddy equipment for divine worship. From sentiments of respect for God and country, even the poorest of the poor are gratified to see religion and patriotism becomingly expressed. A worthy edifice, dedicated to God or country and properly equipped and maintained, is more than an achievement in efficiency—it symbolizes the noblest attitudes of mind and heart of which man is capable.

Default of Sponsor

If a non-Catholic affirmed that he was on the verge of becoming a Catholic, and on that score was permitted to be a baptismal godfather, but soon defaulted by marrying as a non-Catholic, would the validity of the child's baptism be affected?—R. K., CHICAGO, ILL.

Not at all. But the default of the sponsor exemplifies the wisdom of the Church in screening sponsors. In any such case, there would be all the more reason for assurance that the other godparent was an actual and reliable Catholic. The sacrament of baptism is no occasion for catering to fond uncles or doting aunts or to others who do not measure up to requirements.

Legally Insane

Once a person is considered insane by psychiatrists, does that mean he is not held responsible for sins—even though he knows well what he is doing?—J. L. J., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

If psychiatrists who declare a person insane have been appointed by legal authority, and if the court accepts their findings, the patient would be considered *legally* irresponsible. Consistently, if such a person has manifested suicidal or homicidal or other harmful tendencies, he should be kept out of harm's way. Morally—in the forum of conscience and before God—he would be more or less responsible. It is quite possible that actual insanity was verifiable at the time of the investigation and judicial decision but that the derangement proved to be only temporary. Not even psychiatrists can always recognize one who is "more knave than fool."

Doubtful Conscience

Is it sinful to do something while in doubt as to whether it is right or wrong?—R. C., BOSTON, MASS.

A doubt as to what should be done might represent mere perplexity as to what would be better, or best, under given circumstances. In such cases, it is at least advisable, if not obligatory, to settle the doubt. Prudence, perhaps charity, even justice to oneself or to others, might make it obligatory to decide upon the best procedure possible. An example would be the educational opportunities planned for a child by his parents.

However, if your doubt has to do with the sheer rightness or wrongness of an action, the doubt must be settled before you take action. Further reflection may suffice to dissolve the doubt; if not, competent counsel should be sought. To act with an uncertain conscience manifests a willingness to do what is sinful. For example, doubt as to one's Lenten obligation to fast and abstain should be settled prior to Ash Wednesday; a person's freedom to marry cannot be taken for granted, but must be reasonably established. The obligation of settling one's conscience is in ratio to the gravity of the issue at stake. For example, when the life of a patient depends upon the decision of a physician, or when the salvation of a soul depends upon the proper administration of sacraments, a mere probability as to right procedure will not suffice; there must be certainty.

Age of Discretion

What is meant by "reaching the age of discretion?"—S. K., BALTO., MD.

The age of discretion bespeaks not only an advance in years beyond the age of reason but also a comparative maturity of judgment and capability for self-determination.

The age of reason indicates the time when a child has developed a sense of moral responsibility. At that age he can distinguish between right and wrong, between the grave and venial. Ordinarily, this development can be presumed about the age of seven years.

The age of discretion, however, supposes a capability for preliminary decisions of consequence—such as testing out a probable vocation to the religious life or the priesthood; electing specialized education with a view to a trade or professional career.

Legally, a country or states within a country may determine a presumptive age of discretion. Such legal rulings are of consequence in connection with child labor, marriage without parental consent, criminal court procedure, voting, and the

like: Church Law, too, establishes precise ages—for example, for the beginning and cessation of obligations, for the reception of Holy Orders, for eligibility to certain offices, etc.

In the forum of conscience, the ages of reason and discretion may be verified earlier or later than at the legally presumed time. Court judges and sacramental confessors have to consider such variations. Precocious children are not rare, and, as the old saying has it: "There's no fool like an old fool."

Temptation

I don't give in to temptation, but I feel that if I did not find temptation so attractive I would not be bothered so persistently. Am I hypocritical?—O. S., ALTOONA, PA.

The very fact that you check your inclination to wrongdoing, so consistently and successfully, exemplifies that you are thoroughly sincere. Remember, a temptation would not be a temptation without the guise of some allurements or other. That very appeal explains, at times, the persistence of temptation.

But despite your wholesome record in coping with temptation, it is well to be alerted against dillydallying and against "fueling the fires" by indiscriminate reading or the like. On the other hand, try not to foster a nervous anxiety as to more or less expected temptation: such an anxiety can beget a morbid sensitivity or what amounts to a psychological allergy.

Bishops Native-born?

Can a foreign-born priest become a bishop in the U.S.A.?—L. M., DENVER, COL.

There is no reason why a foreign-born, naturalized priest cannot become a bishop. Actually, in addition to bishops of the Greek Rite, there are at present several foreign-born, naturalized members of the hierarchy in this country. The late Cardinal Farley of New York and Cardinal Glennon of St. Louis were natives of Ireland.

Biblegraph

Enclosed clipping from a magazine features a Bible-graph, presented as originated by a layman but clergy-approved. Am sure the graph is not Catholic; hence, is not "clergy-approved" misleading?—L. G., BUFFALO, N. Y.

According to an up-to-date dictionary, the clergy are a body of men ordained for ministration in the Christian Church. Understood in that wide sense, the term "clergy-approved" is not misleading, although—before God—no man is a clergyman unless he be the recipient of valid Holy Orders or at least of the preliminary to Holy Orders known as Tonsure.

Obviously, the graph is not Catholic in authorship or content, but it is a clever and commendable device. A plastic dial lists many everyday problems and provides ready reference to more than two hundred pertinent Bible passages. LG—why not devise a Catholic Biblegraph?

Please File Your "Sign Post?"

Day after day, we receive dozens of inquiries from those who, presumably, are either new readers of the "Sign Post" or who have forgotten what they have read within recent months. Information service to hundreds of inquirers coupled with space limitation, does not permit repetition. Hence, we recommend that you retain your copies of the "Sign Post" for ready reference. Up-to-date libraries under Catholic auspices have THE SIGN on file.

The Secret Lives of an Atom Spy

For an ideal which turned to ashes, Dr. Klaus Fuchs sacrificed honor, friends, and a trusting world

by KURT SINGER



Keystone Pictures, Inc.

Dr. Fuchs—scientist, spy, and traitor

ON THE historic morning of November 7, 1949, a neatly dressed, tall man of most unhistoric appearance walked down London's Charing Cross Road to Cambridge Circus. No one notices as two men pass and pause, a cigarette is lit, a word exchanged, and they walk off together toward Trafalgar Square. No one notices as the taller man, lean, bespectacled, hands in pockets, shakes his head slowly and finally turns away. Perhaps only a single stranger is momentarily interested in the gesture of the shorter, dark man, who raises his hand to the arm of his companion. But the taller man does not hesitate. He hurries down the stairs of the subway. The shorter man looks after him for a brief moment, angrily, and then rounds the corner past the Nelson Monument.

This is the way, in our time, the secrets of our deadly alchemy are bartered for a price. But for Dr. Klaus Fuchs, sitting in the train looking impassively at the "underground" advertising, telling of beer, coats, and underwear, the fee, like the secrets, was not measured in a calculable monetary exchange.

Fuchs was not interested in the few hundred pounds thrust upon him by the professional foreign agent. This he accepted as the badge of his submission to Laurenti Beria, head of the Soviet Secret Service. The price Fuchs demanded was a world, one world, one Communist world—a world in which the boy of a war-torn childhood, the youth of Nazi terror and German discontent, the manhood of frustration and suspicion might all be finally synthesized in the maternal bosom of a great and secure world—Communist harmony. When Klaus Fuchs was three years old, the German Army unleashed upon Paris the fore-

runner of the atom bomb, a most terrible weapon, the big Bertha, firing giant shells a distance of 75 miles into the beautiful heart of the French capital.

His pacifist father hated war. Emil Fuchs was a Protestant minister, a religious socialist, standing in the shadow of Tolstoi and Gandhi.

The boy Klaus, in the provincial town of Russelsheim, near Frankfurt, was strictly forbidden to join the cheering of the soldiers off for the front. Little Klaus began life as the outsider, the observer, the nay-sayer. He had no close boyhood friends and except for his three elder brothers and sisters he lived in virtual isolation, shielded from the contagion of hysterical patriotism and living in an aseptic world of his father's making.

His father's house had emphasized values of brotherhood, duty, internationalism, peace, religion, but there was little flexibility or humor in the teaching. Life was gray, grim, earnest, boring, and there was no time for carefree joy or laughter.

The first war was followed by the annihilating inflation, and the roots of Nazism flourished in the economic swamp which Germany had become. Even in the primary school, politics was an urgent reality, and the pacifist's son Klaus was the butt of soldiers' sons, who made fun of the timid, studious boy. The troubles of Germany turned his father inward to reflection and religious experience. He became a Quaker in 1925. Klaus found no comfort there. Instead, it was clear to him that the boys who fought back and did not fear the

violent little nationalists were the Reds, the Communists.

Later, at Kiel University, when the Nazis were already a major political force, Klaus joined the Young Communist League. Against his father's Quakerism he embraced the doctrine of the class struggle. But he was never a great reader of Marxist literature. His field was science and, like so many brilliant mathematicians and physicists, the experimental and analytical techniques he used so scrupulously in the lecture halls and laboratories, he abandoned completely when confronted with political argument. He accepted all the worn clichés of Communist propaganda. Russia was the worker's fatherland; all weapons were permissible in the class struggle; the Communists were fighting for a classless society; there was no such thing as absolute truth or objective science; art and science were class weapons; the artist and scientist who believed in Communism were "in uniform" and must take part in the world struggle.

KLAUS saw the Nazis seize power, he knew at close hand the terror they wielded. His father was sent to a concentration camp for nine months and his sister, an artist driven to a nervous breakdown by Nazi persecution, committed suicide by leaping under a train.

His father urged Klaus to escape from Germany so that he might continue his studies abroad, but Klaus remained

working in the Communist underground movement. It was not activity that appealed to him. The disorganized life, being hunted from pillar to post, the need to abandon organized studies, did not suit the young student-scientist.

After a short while he crossed the frontier into France and from there he came to Britain. He went to Bristol University, where he specialized in mathematics and physics and was awarded a doctorate in philosophy. His lodgings in Hampton Road, Redland, Bristol, were the typical student's retreat, untidy, strewn with papers and books. It was a simple life and a happy one, on the whole. Too happy, perhaps, for Klaus to justify his conscience, for his father was in Germany where he had chosen to stay, although American Quakers had offered him a chance to get out. Emil Fuchs had replied to them that his place was in Germany, in the fight against Hitler. Where, then, was the place of his son Klaus?

Somehow, the student had to justify to his father that his departure from Germany was not a flight from fear, but a tactical withdrawal to a place from which he could renew his role in the struggle. For the first time, he was living in conditions of freedom and reasonable stability. Politics in Britain did not have the violence or the upsets that he had known in Germany. His fellow students were not consumed by bitterness nor deeply involved in doctrinal debate. Klaus, quiet and sensitive, emotional to an extent which his poker-faced appearance belied, was attractive to certain types of girls.

Lonely and abstracted, he aroused the maternal impulse, and during his years in Britain he was never without female friends who admired and fussed about him. At the same time, his studious, ingrown personality did not make him an exciting friend: his conversation did not often go beyond scientific small talk and university gossip. To his friends, Klaus was frankly a bore, but a "nice bore."

THEN his field of research widened. In 1938 he went to Edinburgh University, where he took his degree as Doctor of Science. His original researches in atomic and nuclear physics were placing him in the forefront of the younger scientists, and he published papers in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society*. The refugee-immigrant was making a name for himself in scientific circles.

On September 1, 1939, Hitler invaded Poland and the war was on. Klaus Fuchs suddenly found that he was, finally, regarded as a German enemy alien. A few months later, despite his feelings against Hitler, his antipathy to nationalism, his years in British Universities, he was told to pack a bag and get ready for intern-

ment. To him, British tolerance was a sham, as his Communist friends had told him. In the showdown, the British ruling classes were ruthless, heartless, barefisted—"fascist." The effect of internment on Klaus, the trip as an internee in the North Atlantic through waters infested by submarines, was to revive the Communist allegiance which had become quiescent. It also added the excitement of martyrdom to his essentially adolescent nature.

In his Nissen hut, in the Canadian camp, it was not difficult for Klaus to imagine that "fate" had pointed out to him the error of his backsliding ways. It is certain that he emerged from internment with his Communist faith renewed. Separated from his friends in Britain, surrounded by many of his countrymen who were grieved that though anti-Nazi they were treated as enemies, Klaus looked again toward the distant, greener fields of the Soviet paradise.

When he was able to resume his work, his old convictions were firmly fixed. In

IDEALISM: If you have two cows, you milk them both, use all the milk you need, and have enough left for everyone else.

COMMUNISM: If you have two cows, you give both to the government; then the government gives you back some milk.

CAPITALISM: If you have two cows, you sell one cow and buy a bull.

REALISM: If you have two cows, they're both dry.

—COLORADO DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE

1941, he was released from internment to continue his work, research which was to help in the development of the atom bomb. Although it was known that he was communistically inclined, so high was his qualification that he was allowed into the most secret consultations. Security officers, after careful screening, had reported that there was no danger he would become a foreign agent.

Meanwhile, British Military Intelligence was receiving reports of an extensive German plan to build a new weapon, an atom bomb, which would be decisive in the war.

In occupied Norway, secret underground agents reported the construction of strange, heavy-water plants, where hundreds of German scientists had been put on special duty. British-Norwegian commando teams went into action to cause as much physical destruction as possible for the new German production centers.

At the same time, a meeting was

called in London to lay the plans for an answer to German atomic research. To this, the deepest secret of the war, Klaus Fuchs, the Communist, was given access. The Communist, now ready to conduct espionage for Russia, was given material to work with. At his trial, Mr. Curtis-Bennett, his defense attorney, said: "Anybody who had read anything about Marxist theory must know that a man who is a Communist, whether in Germany or Timbuctoo, will react in exactly the same way. When he gets information, he will automatically and unhappily put his allegiance to the Communist idea first."

AMAZINGLY enough, although it was on record at the Home Office that he was a member of the German Communist Party, a year after being released from internment Klaus Fuchs was naturalized as a Briton. The superb resistance of the Red Army to the German invaders, the atmosphere of allied amity, all made it easy for Fuchs to submerge the vestiges which remained of his British "conversion" while accepting its citizenship.

His work with Professor Rudolph Peierls, one of the outstanding atomic research scientists, during 1941, showed that he was clearly a genius in his field, "more a candidate for a Nobel peace prize or membership of the Royal Society," as Mr. Curtis-Bennett said at his trial, than a likely traitor. Fuchs lived happily with Professor Peierls and his family in a large, detached house in Birmingham. The young scientist was a favorite with the children.

Dr. Klaus Fuchs was now close to the pinnacle of the atomic pyramid: the abstruse and most vital theoretical side of the bomb. The information which he acquired in this position, as well as his own brilliant discoveries, meant years of toil to a nation still young in atomic problems like Russia; what Fuchs had to offer meant the saving of possibly a decade of research.

As a member of the British atomic team, Fuchs was assigned to go to America to deal with their "opposite numbers." Despite the later recriminations of the F.B.I., the fact is that, not content with the British reports on Fuchs' reliability, the F.B.I. did its own screening and passed him as suitable.

Fuchs was regarded as a dependable collaborator, a little "idealistic" perhaps, but nothing to worry about. The extensive Soviet espionage network in the United States was thus given a present of the man who was to be its most important link with the atomic mystery.

KURT SINGER, lecturer and writer, has contributed regularly to *Saturday Evening Post*, the *New York Times*, and various other publications. He is the author of fourteen books on world affairs.

In England he had already been approached by Soviet agents in London and Birmingham. Now, assigned to Los Alamos, the atomic experimental center in New Mexico, his value was considerably enhanced. For nearly eighteen months, Fuchs worked with the U. S. physicists, and all the time a Soviet intermediary was never far away.

American atomic security was as highly organized as a stratoliner (F.B.I., army, navy intelligence, atomic energy commission, civil service department, congressional investigations). Yet Fuchs, methodically and regularly, kept liaison with Soviet agents in two cities, Boston and New York, according to his confession, and probably more, according to

the sin of pride before the Party in the Communist book of rules and regulations.

As a pledge of his subservience, Fuchs accepted a few hundred pounds payment from the Soviet agent. There had never been a road back for Fuchs; this was his way of demonstrating that he did not want one.

The fact is, however, that at this same time the first real doubts were creeping into his mind. He confessed later: "In the postwar period I began to have doubts about the Russian policy. During this time I was not sure I could go on giving information I had."

He participated in Harwell's social life, a little stuffily, unbending, awk-

haunting Europe. This change did not come easily with Fuchs. His friends knew that he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

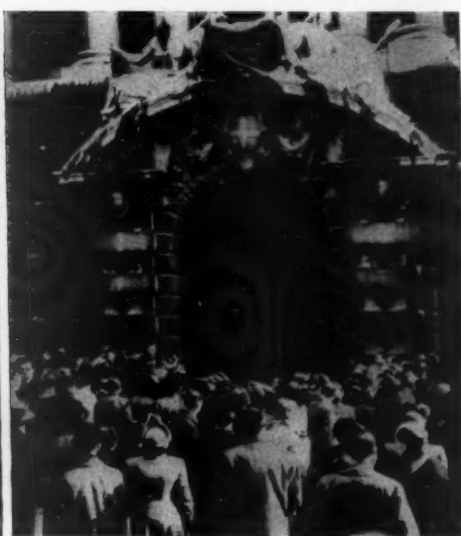
The rest was inevitable. His defense gone, his Communist creed abandoned (and it is not likely that the meaning of his absences from his rendezvous was not understood by the Soviet comrades), Fuchs capitulated at the first interrogation of the intelligence authorities, somehow believing childishly that if he told what he knew he would "be allowed to remain at Harwell."

He was condemned out of his own mouth. "Is it right," Mr. Curtis-Bennett for the defense asked William James Skardon, the security investigator, "that



Security officers from Harwell Atomic Energy Establishment arrive for the trial of Klaus Emil Fuchs

Keystone Pictures, Inc.



Wide World

Dr. Fuchs' trial brought an overflow crowd to historic Old Bailey courthouse

the statement of Sir Hartley Shawcross, the Attorney-General.

In 1946, Dr. Klaus Fuchs returned to Britain, carrying the prestige of his considerable achievement in the atomic project. He was given the high post of head of the theoretical physics division of the Atomic Energy Establishment at Harwell. He was a scientist's scientist, devoted to the welfare of his colleagues, a steady contributor to the *Proceedings of the Physical Society* and of the Royal Society. He apportioned jobs, passed on the qualifications of applicants, selected people for promotion. As Chairman of the Staff Association Committee at Harwell, he presided over matters affecting personnel with a fine impartiality, liked by his employers and associates.

At the peak of his career, Dr. Fuchs examined his course and decided that there was the possibility of a doubt creeping into his faith in Communism:

wardly, but then genius has its mannerisms. It is nonsense to assume that his unmarked, repressed personality was a pose to assist his espionage. It was, however, a very useful weapon in the Soviet network. Fuchs, lonely, engrossed, inhibited, was actually alive only to a very small circle of intimates, who accepted the "flatness" as the hallmark of so many great scientists.

He said that he had divided his life into two compartments in his mind—the Communist and the British scientist. Some time in 1949, the wall separating these compartments broke under the pressure of his postwar doubts about Communism, and his growing conviction that the life he was living among ordinary, decent, friendly Britons was, after all, more real, and better than the Soviet paradise. The Communist ideal had receded into illusion, to be replaced by the reality of Russian imperialism

before you took a statement from him there was no evidence upon which he could be prosecuted?"

"That is right," was the answer.

There was no road back for Fuchs, no way to redeem the betrayal of friends, no way to make his peace with the world he had bartered in exchange for the ideal which had turned to ashes.

Still confused, still not grasping the full meaning of the verdict, the balding, unhappy man made his last little accented speech in Old Bailey. "I have had a fair trial and I wish to thank you, my Lord, my counsel, and the Governor for their considerate treatment."

He received his fourteen years, but somehow there was a different echo, a strange and curious echo; reminding of Budapest, Sofia, and Moscow, it hung in the air of the English courtroom. Then Fuchs was taken away, the man of many strange lives.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Fellow Travelers Among Us

LAST WEEK I had a long talk with a very earnest former Communist who is now a Catholic, and she spent much of the time telling me of the evil which can be done by those known as fellow travelers or underground Communists or by any other title which serves to differentiate their kind from the ones who carry party cards.

I am sure every single warning she gave me was justified, just as I realize that Professor Budenz speaks the truth when he says that great harm is done when people are innocently taken in by the smart and well-bred and high-officed among them who pretend to be what they are not. A quick look at Owen Lattimore's books does not show him a villain or traitor, but it does seem to prove that his ideas on China show him favorable to what has been called "agrarianism." Now you could not fool me on that, and I have only an ordinary intelligence. What I simply cannot understand is why these intellectuals with jutting supercilious ridges can't see through it.

What I, as a woman, feel is just this: it seems to me that we ought to have men head our government departments who are at least as smart as the Communists who head their country's. That seems to me a simple hope and not unreasonable. The fact that among them are some who are not as smart is what is rapidly making me into a Taft woman, a far cry from what I was five years ago.

As for the former Communist's eager desire to educate me, I am sure she is right in her fear that many people do not understand the depth of Communist canniness and craft. I realize fully that there is need of telling people who have never experienced them to avoid the pitfalls into which the returned-to-the-fold once fell. But still it seems to me that you don't have to walk in that direction in the first place, and I stubbornly insist that there is something equally and even more important.

Christian Values

WHAT I WOULD LIKE to see emphasized is what Communism is not, rather than to be told over and over what it is. I want Christianity and its values told over and over instead. I want to see emphasized in people's minds the constructive values on our side—the side of the land of the really free, the land of meeting houses and missions and Magna Chartish inclinations, the land of the New Testament and the Bill of Rights.

When I get to thinking along this line, I remember a picture I once saw on a magazine cover—a little, one-room schoolhouse, a window looking out over green fields and the sun shining on a barn and a windmill, a dozen boys and girls singing the "Star Spangled Banner." Sentimental? Maybe so, but real and true also. And, anyway, what is the matter with the pledge of allegiance to their flag being recited by children?

Now, if those children are being taught by someone in authority over them in the schoolroom to sing that song

with a little sneer about its sentimentality, a hint that they are being forced to do something that in some way interferes with their free will, then of course there will be trouble some day. I wonder if we took all these fellow travelers and their insinuations out of our schools and colleges, how fast the Communist theories would disappear from our midst. For these people appeal to the best in the young and take their idealism and twist it and warp it, until it becomes a diseased and unhealthy thing which will make them sick in mind if no antidote is supplied in time. Unhappily, by the time young people get out of the seducer's clutches, it is too late; they will use their talents to prove to the rest of us how bad the United States really is.

The devil is not a horn-and-hoofs person today. He is clean-shaven and likely to be a man of distinction, and if he does have a bit of red in evidence, it is apt to be the lining of his doctor's hood. And it is sad to realize that those in high places may be traitors. The man whose private telephone was listed only three names below the President of the United States at the conference of the heads of four great powers some years ago now stands convicted of perjury to his country. Perhaps it is in part the fault of those who did not make him see the value of Christianity and a constructive faith. And how many others are being thus mistaught today to bring on us disaster tomorrow?

A Solemn Little Promise

WHEN A FAMILY has love, that family will not break up. And that is true of a nation too. Our Lord said—and I am afraid it sounds to some of our moderns a childish way to put it—"love one another." And yet that is all there is to it. Do that one great and simple act, and a bright new world will be here. The words are more than a motto to be cross-stitched and hung on a wall; they are more than a text for a sermon. They are the guidepost pointing to the good life.

One more text and I shall have finished—this time a few words spoken by a little boy who lives in a children's colony near Rome. He was badly hurt during the war, losing one arm at the shoulder and some of the fingers of the other hand, due to a land-mine explosion. The Foster Parents group which has him in charge at present is seeing that he gets some of the love which a normal child in our country takes for granted. The phrase I quote was written by him in the course of a letter to his foster mother in this country: "I shall try to be a good child, you will see."

The solemn little promise would be touching under any circumstances. That it comes from a small victim of hate makes it seem more than that. And its simplicity does not keep it from being applicable to older people. If we, all of us, tried to be good children, the world would see a new and wonderful revolution.

Meantime, you might read Monsignor Swanstrom's small book, *Pilgrims of the Night*, to see pointed up with complete definiteness the spiritual evil inherent in Communism and also its spiritual opposite—the Christian faith.

The inspirational story of a
Brooklyn priest who made new
homes for unfortunate girls,
victims of broken homes

Girls' Town

by **SIDNEY FIELDS**

THE patient man realizes that even a journey of ten thousand miles must begin with one step.

This is the story of a patient priest named Father Joseph Michael Collins.

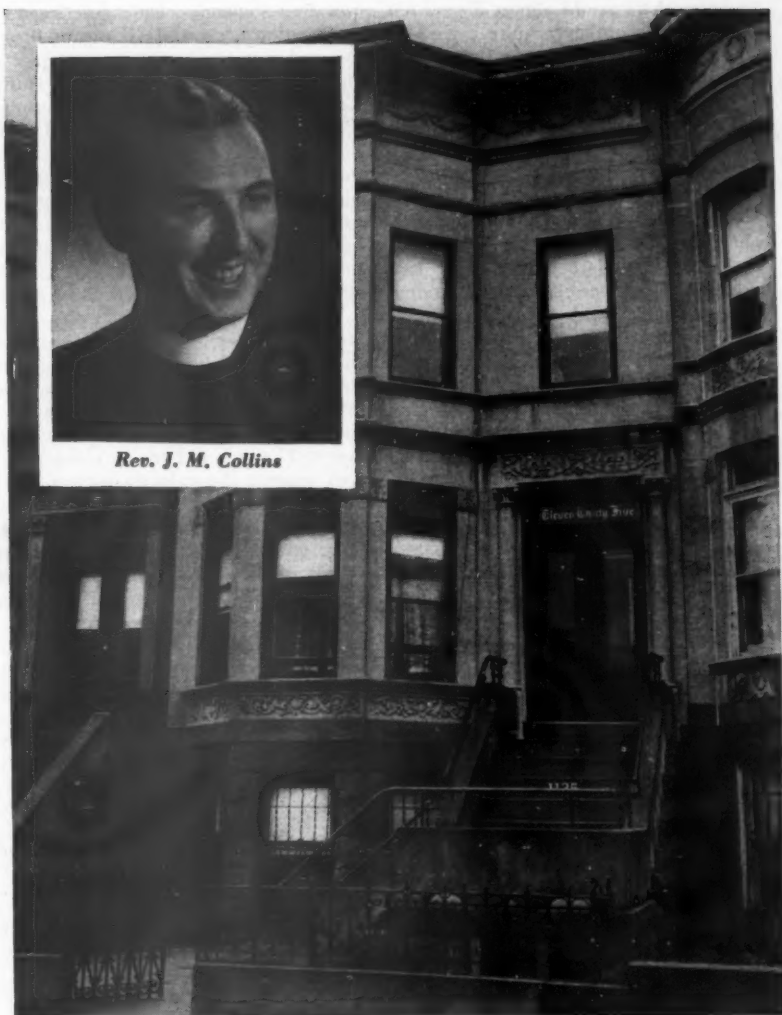
Twelve years ago, Father Collins was the assistant curate of the Church of the Presentation, in that area of Brooklyn that spawned Murder Inc. He also served as the chaplain of the House of the Good Shepherd, a refuge near his church which cares for neglected girls as well as delinquent ones.

Among the rejected are girls without any homes at all, or the bewildered and aching products of broken homes who rush from the jungle of four insecure walls to be trapped in the relentless jungle outside.

When Father Collins first came to the House of the Good Shepherd, he merely celebrated the Mass every morning and then went home, just as others did before him. But that didn't seem enough. The troubled sea of young faces before him understood, but yet were asking for more.

He was troubled too, and their faces went back to the church with him. So he tried to add a little brightness by teaching them. In addition to morning Mass, he spent four hours each day teaching them Latin, history, and religion.

But that didn't seem enough either. The troubled faces were still in his mind's eye. Who were these girls? Where did they come from? Where did they go after they left the Shepherd? He



Rev. J. M. Collins

Above, this second of the two homes is on Park Place in Brooklyn. It was generously donated by a friend

went to the files, and at random selected the case cards of one hundred girls and carefully read their heartbreak.

"Nine out of ten," he recalled, "were the result of neglect, separation, divorce, poverty, and hate."

ONE wouldn't go to school because she was ashamed of the rags she had to wear. That made her a chronic truant. She was sent to the House of the Good Shepherd.

Another was just abandoned by her parents in New York. She was picked up as a vagrant—at the age of fifteen.

A third had been brought up by her grandmother. When the grandmother died, an aunt, the only living relative, would have none of her because she was an illegitimate child, something the girl never knew before. She hit the street.

Father Collins read the heartbreak and ached to tell everyone:

"It's not their fault. It's ours!"

Patiently, he traced their course after they left the House of the Good Shepherd and discovered that with few exceptions they invariably returned to the woes from which they first came. He was dismayed when New York police told him that every day there are about five thousand young girls wandering the city's streets, aimless, jobless, homeless, and headed for certain trouble.

Oh yes, when they left the House they tried to find jobs. Many did. But they'd bounce around from one hotel to another, and no matter what instruction they had received they weren't prepared for the claws outside.

"A boy who trips once, or even twice, usually gets a break," Father Collins says, "but a girl—she's finished. Everybody is ready to cast the first stone."

He tried to help a few by finding foster homes for them. But the good

foster mothers would almost always tell the girls, without ever quite saying it:

"Of course, my dear, you'll never be as good as any of us. Look where you came from."

The girls would run, and the chip on their shoulder got bigger.

ONE WELL-MEANING kid had come to the House of the Good Shepherd when she was thirteen. Her only crime was this: Her father died and her mother worked herself to death trying to support five children. At sixteen the girl left the House, got a job. Father Collins found a foster home for her. She paid her foster mother \$15 a week for the privilege of sleeping on a living room couch and was allowed to wash only in the kitchen sink.

"When I found her again," Father Collins shuddered, "she was about to be sentenced in Woman's Court for prostitution."

No, foster homes weren't the answer. So Father Collins tried charity, and the rich sneered:

"Such girls are no good and never will be."

"My answer to that," he says, "wasn't very diplomatic."

The girls wanted neither foster mothers nor charity. They wanted a home. So Father Collins talked long and passionately to his Bishop, Thomas E. Molloy, and then set about giving them homes, real homes.

But how about his other jobs? The church? Chaplain? Teacher?

"The more you have to do, the more you get done," is his answer.

He began his home building with little more than a shoestring and a

prayer. Someone had foreclosed a broken-down, two-story house in Brooklyn and graciously gave the mortgage to the Diocese. Bishop Molloy asked Father Collins if he wanted it—with another \$5,000 mortgage on it. Father Collins did, indeed. During the first year he managed to pay off \$800 of the mortgage himself, and when a friend, who prefers to remain anonymous, got him another private home free and clear the Bishop thought that was progress and cleared off the remaining debt on the first house.

The Bishop thought it was great progress because in both houses sixteen girls had found life worth living again. On the first floor of each house are two living rooms, a dining room, and a kitchen; on the second floor, four bedrooms. The girls did the furnishing and even papered the walls themselves.

"It's their home," says Father Collins, "and they live in it even as you and I. They go out together and have their friends in for dinner. They don't have to meet them on a corner or in a gin mill."

It heartened him to see that the neighbors were truly neighbors. They accepted the girls as part of the life around them. The first house is in a Jewish neighborhood, and it was ready during the war. When the girls didn't have ration points for meat, the neighbors supplied them or invited the girls in to dinner.

He calls the homes "Girls' Town." They may not be much to look at. They're just old remodeled private dwellings in the formless, rusty areas of Brooklyn. But they stand secure, peaceful, proud.

"I could use another dozen," Father

Collins sighs. "Maybe they'll come. You can't begin with everything you want."

Middle-aged couples, selected by Father Collins, serve as housekeepers. Every girl has her own job. Some work in offices, others in banks. One is an expert pastry maker, another runs an elevator in the Waldorf Astoria. And each girl now contributes her equal share to the maintenance of her home.

"At the beginning," Father Collins recalls, "I put the amount up to them. They didn't know themselves. But we all worked it out together, and now each pays \$10 a week, and from it there's always a bit put away for emergencies."

There are no written or spoken rules; there are a few unwritten and unspoken ones:

Respect yourself, so that you will respect others.

Do your share of the work.

Be in by midnight every night.

If any girl is on probation, she goes to the probation office. Father Collins allows no probation officers in either house.

WHEN HE OPENED the first house in Girls' Town he bought, lugged, and installed two electric irons. The girls carelessly burned them out.

"Better get them fixed," he suggested softly, "maybe you should pay for the fixing."

They did. No more electric irons have been burned out since.

Father Collins visits each house once weekly. At dinner he listens to the inevitable gripes and patiently corrects them, a word of advice here, a prod there. They are only human, and some are naturally industrious, some naturally



Miss Kenell, matron of the home, watches as one of the girls prepares a roast



Above, the photographer arrived in the midst of a birthday party. The happy celebrant is shown cutting the cake

lazy, some inclined to quarrel. After he smooths out the rough edges, he listens to a happy account of the week's events:

A new piece of furniture has been purchased. A new flower bed has bloomed outside in the patch of earth hopefully called a garden. Jane has found a better job. Mary, who has been dating steadily these past six months, has just met the boy's parents, and next week she'll be engaged.

"I keep an eye on all the fellows they bring in," Father Collins explains. "If he seems the wrong kind I have a little talk with him, and if necessary find out all about him. So far the girls have been good pickers."

There have been twenty-six girls in Girls' Town since he began, and half of them have married. Four more who have been living there for three years are engaged. In the past year there have been two weddings conducted by Father Collins in the first house. Thus far the married girls have a total of seven children, and Father Collins has baptized three of them. Most of them keep in touch with him, even when they marry and leave the city.

"A few don't," he says, "but that's no disappointment. If they don't it means they're doing all right. If they're broke or in trouble I hear from them."

The girls represent a variety of nationalities: English, Polish, Italian, French, Irish. And there are even Jewish girls. The oldest is twenty-five, the youngest, sixteen. Their average age is nineteen. At the beginning they all came from the House of the Good Shepherd. Since then every agency has bid for a place in the homes for their own unfortunates. Father Collins accepts the

deserving from anywhere now, because in his mind it is best that they do not all come from one place. He usually gets them before they are in trouble.

One English girl met an American Major in Bombay during the war. She was eighteen then. After the war he urged her to come here to marry him. She did. When she arrived the Major introduced her to his wife and child.

"She was very pretty," says Father Collins, "and a lot of men were anxious to pay her rent. She kept running until she heard about us. She lived at one of the houses for a year and met a nice young man. They're married now and live down South in a house his father bought for them."

NOT every girl finds heaven in Girls' Town. There are defections. Thus far, one out of every four did not find her level. One, a total cripple as a result of polio, wore forty-pound braces and bitterly resented all the buoyant health around her. She finally went to a hospital for the chronically ill. Another married against the advice of Father Collins. The man she married is now in jail, and the girl in an institution.

A third was something of a two-gun moll when Father Collins talked the judge out of sending her to a reformatory and brought her to Girls' Town. She broke all the rules and left the house twice. He gave her a third chance. One night she disappeared and wasn't heard from until three months later when Father Collins got a card from her. It was postmarked Mexico.

"But no girl is really bad," he says forgivingly. "Perhaps it can be understood if I tell you that this one had a

mother who deserted her along with her father when the father discovered he had tuberculosis."

Does he ever get discouraged?

"No," he answers. "If you save one, just one, you've done a lifetime job."

Yes, he has the patience of a rock. Girls' Town wasn't put together overnight. The first house is almost seven years old now. The second, five. When he acquired the first it was battered, windowless, boarded up, and full of junk. A crate served as the front step.

Father Collins merely borrowed a pick and shovel, took off his coat, and spent ten days digging the litter out of the house, the cellar, and the yard. After twelve truckloads of dirt and junk were carted away, he carefully spaded a little garden in the backyard. Then, he had to have the new plumbing installed, and the entire house rewired, painted, fire-proofed, and insulated.

"I began in June," he recalls, "and it was ready in November. The day after it was finished a hurricane ripped up the entire front sidewalk, and that had to be fixed over again."

Along the way he had to beg and borrow the money. But somehow the money was there, though he always began with less than fifty dollars.

"All you need is the chance to do something," he says. "If you think you need all the money before you start, then you haven't any faith."

SIDNEY FIELDS has written articles for *Collier's*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and other American and Canadian publications. His column, "Only Human," appears regularly in the *New York Daily Mirror*.



Girls of different nationalities and even creed live together like devoted sisters



Father Collins started from scratch, but now the girls have a comfortable home. Above, they enjoy a television show.

SOMETHING BIG

by
HUGH
B. CAVE

BY MIDNIGHT the rain had let up a little, but the sea was still on a rampage. The waves rolled into the bay like logs in a spring freshet, crashing on Desolation Rock with the power of the whole wild Atlantic behind them.

There was hardly room on the rock for the two men to move. Vern, the older brother, sat with his back pressed hard against the wet black stone, his arms about his drawn-up knees and big stiff hands clasped together.

He said, "Don't worry now, Marty. We'll be missed."

"I don't see how," Marty said glumly.

They were like bedraggled gulls perched on an iceberg, but Vern was still able to grin. "You leave it to me," he said. His voice was loud—it had to be—but there was affection in it. There was a hint of braggadocio, too. Nothing ever came up that Vern couldn't handle.

The two of them had left Gale Point, on the west shore of the bay, at four o'clock, in their father's tuna boat. Every Saturday they did the same thing, taking the boat to Norport Village, on the east shore, for supplies. Sometimes there were sports to pick up. John Bennett, their father, ran a fishing camp.

There were some sports due in tomorrow night—a Mr. White and a Mr. Burlingame from New York—but the boys' father had been reluctant, all the same, to let them go. "I don't like the looks of that sky," he'd said.

Vern had been scornful. "No weather forecast is going to keep me penned up here. Tonight's the big festival dance in town. I got a date."

Marty, as usual, hadn't said a word one way or another. He was the quiet one, somber and settled. No girls for Marty. He was too shy.

At times Vern prodded him about that. Good-naturedly, of course. "You ought to step out. Spread yourself once in a while."

"Not me. I know what I want."

Funny thing, he *did* know. Nobody'd ever guessed it, but he wanted Ellen Clark. Some day he'd work up nerve enough to tell her so.

Ellen worked at the Bluefin Restaurant on Wharf Road, where Marty always went for coffee while Vern, with more important things to do, headed up to town. She was a real State o' Maine girl born right there in Norport—dark haired, slim, pretty. A wonderful girl.

There might still be a tomorrow for

Marty, but he no longer cared. For all

his plans had been shattered on Desolation Rock

Liked boats and fishing. Could even fly her brother Don's airplane.

She never failed to serve Marty a smile with his coffee, and he never failed to get tongue-tied. They'd been doing it for months. Some day, though . . .

"We won't be missed," Marty said. "No one in Norport knew for sure we were coming. Dad won't expect us back till Monday, and if we don't turn up then he'll think the sports got in late." There was no phone line out to Gale Point, where the camp was. "We don't have a chance and you know it."

Vern, frowning, was silent.

As guides for the sports who came to their father's camp, they had faced many a tight situation but never one like this. A fouled-up gas line had done it. The engine had quit when they were half way across the bay, and the storm had blown up a full gale while they struggled in vain to make repairs.

The bay there bristled with rocks. Between the rocks were sunken ledges where the rips ran every which way, crazy as harpooned bluefins. They didn't know yet what had happened. It was over in the wink of an eye, the boat smashed to splinters, the two of them grabbing at each other in the wild water, trying to reach Desolation Rock.

Desolation! That ugly stone fang was well named. A man could spit across it against the wind. Spray from the bursting waves reached every cranny. Not a blade of grass anywhere on it. No water for drinking. Not a solitary clinging mussel for food or a scrap of driftwood for a fire, even if they had dry matches. And no one could have seen their boat go down in such a blow.

"Kid," Vern said, "I've been wanting to talk to you."

"Have you? What about?"

Vern inched closer over the slippery

rock. His teeth chattered. "You're too shy and backward, kid," he said affectionately. "Time you reformed."

"Girls, you mean?" Marty knew what his brother was trying to do. Vern hoped to keep him from thinking of the torment they faced when the cold got to their bones and they began to need water. Vern had turned to the subject of girls because it was the thing he knew best.

"There are some nice girls in Norport," Vern said. "You ought to get acquainted. My Lord, you're nineteen, goin' on twenty!"

"How you talk," Marty said.

"Now you take Cora Daniels," Vern went on. "She's real sweet. Or Barbara MacAuliffe. She can dance all night. Or Nancy Wendell . . ." He was generous, Vern was, like a rich man tossing pennies to a poor relative. Girls? The days weren't long enough for Vern to bother with all the girls who chased after him!

He talked on, cheerfully boasting, while Marty listened to the snarl of the sea that trapped them. When Marty thought of Norport it was of Ellen Clark. He wondered where she was and what she was doing. If she had missed him a little yesterday when he didn't drop in for coffee.

I was going to speak up to her for sure, he thought. Now she'll never know.

"Don't you hear what I'm saying, kid?" Vern asked.

"I've got a girl."

"What? Who?"

"You wouldn't know her. I was going to ask her this week end to be my steady girl. Look. I've even got a present for her." Marty fished in his pocket. "I guess you can't see it in the dark. It's a piece of quartz."

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER



August, 1950

Vern voiced a snort of pure disgust. "A chunk of rock! What kind of present is that?"

"Well—I don't know. She admired the piece I wear on my watch fob, and I said I'd get her one. I thought maybe she could wear it on a brooch or something." Marty was confused. "You mean she won't like it?"

"Throw it away. When you give a girl a present, give her something important."

Marty put the bit of rock back into his pocket. I guess I don't need to worry, he thought. He was half frozen and his stomach was in knots. His throat had been raw for hours. The night grew colder with each dragged-out hour.

"When it's light enough," Marty said after a long silence, "I'm for swimmin'."

"You can't swim any five miles!"

"Maybe. I never tried."

Vern grabbed his brother's arm fiercely. "We'll be missed, I tell you. They'll look for us!"

"Wish they would," Marty said ruefully.

"They will. I had a date last night for the festival dance with a new girl. When I've promised to take a new girl to the biggest affair of the year—told her to be ready and waitin' and then don't show up—she's going to make it her business to find out why. Isn't she?"

"I don't know."

"Of course you don't. But I do. I know girls."

Five miles, Marty thought. I won't get half way.

"What's more," Vern said, "I told this girl she was special. Not like the others."

"Is she?"

Vern had a grin left. "They all are, at first. Anyhow . . ." He pulled his head up. "Listen! You hear anything?"

They listened together, two tense figures huddled on the wind-swept rock. Day was just breaking. Marty spoke at last. "I hear a plane!"

"Didn't I tell you? They're lookin' for us!"

They stood up, clinging to each other. Waved their arms. Shouted. When they saw the plane it was low over the water, a swift, yellow shadow in the dim light, winging toward Gale Point.

Suddenly it turned and passed over them. Wagged its wings. Sped back toward Norport.

"I was right," Vern exulted. "That's Don Clark's plane. Ellen told him. Soon's he lands, they'll send a boat for us." Elated, he sat down again.

After a long moment Marty sat, too.

(Continued on page 68)

Ellen Clark was running right past him, with her arms outstretched



Chinese temples guard the city gates

Peeking through the Bamboo Curtain

by **WENDELIN MOORE, C.P.**

Cold wars or hot wars, the Passionist Missionaries keep telling the love-story of Jesus Christ Crucified

MANY confusing stories are coming out of China—one missionary telling of peace and progress, another describing turmoil and disruption. This is all the more bewildering, especially when the same correspondents, writing from the same localities, may in succeeding letters give diametrically opposite accounts. Many factors go to make up the complex and fluid situation throughout China in regard to the Catholic Missions.

While the Red forces are in control throughout the land and Communist doctrines are being preached on every side, yet the manner of dealing with the Church and the missionaries, the attitude shown toward mission institutions, the practical methods adopted to carry out the new regulations, and the degree of zeal displayed in disseminating the current materialistic teachings, depend, in large measure, upon the individual character of the local authorities.

Among the Communist Army and civilian officials are to be found all types—good, bad, and indifferent. There are among them men of obvious education with some breadth of view; others, even among the higher-ups, are ignorant and biased. Some entertain tolerant sentiments toward the Catholic Church either because of a Christian connection in the family or because of favors once received from the missionaries; others openly harbor grudges, either because of some past imaginary injury, or because they are fallen-away Catholics. No two act quite in the same way. Thus, progress may be made in one diocese and persecution suffered in another. Even in the same diocese, quite opposite conditions may prevail in different sections. One common note, however,

runs through most reports—and this is the most encouraging and most consoling aspect of the entire situation—a revival of fervor on the part of the faithful and the return to the Sacraments of great numbers of lapsed Catholics.

Western Hunan, the locale of the Passionist Missions, conforms in every detail with the national picture. It is now six months since this territory went under the Communist regime. The pattern set in those countries in Europe already gathered in by the Communists is being closely adhered to in China. All the Chinese Reds talk the same party line, employ all the present-day clichés, are double-tongued and two-faced. It is not easy to deal with them, for words do not connote the same ideas to Communists and non-Communists.

The emphasis is on newness. A new world, a new start. The governing regime works on the principle that any theory that is modern must be true and beneficial; all that is ancient is "ipso facto" false and to be summarily rejected as opposed to progress and the new order. If a statement is repeated often and noisily enough, even though it flatly contradicts Confucius, it gets to be right. The minds of all, especially the young, are being "washed" and all vestiges of the past scrubbed out.

No effective opposition to the Communists exists anywhere on the mainland, yet there is no evidence as yet that the majority of the population has been won to the new way of life. The actual situation is quite the reverse. The people remain estranged, fearful, and cowed. They are in a position of abject helplessness. Communism is like a thin coating of oil spreading in all directions on the surface but nowhere penetrating

into the depths of the nation. Nonetheless, because of their ruthless grip on the country, the conquerors are everywhere enforcing indoctrination. All classes must submit to having the imported doctrines of Marxism and Leninism poured down their throats. With few exceptions, this is as much relished as a dose of castor oil.

The official propaganda line is that Russia is China's best friend and that every good, both material and intellectual, emanates from that domain. America is Public Enemy Number One. This theme is harped on in all indoctrination courses and in every public speech. Another first principle is: "No one has shoes to wear in the United States; in Russia everyone has a pair." American nationals are naturally in much disfavor. But this hostile attitude is manifested toward all foreigners in general. There is always this latent danger in China when feeling runs high against any one government—all foreigners come under a like condemnation. There is a patent inconsistency in the present official frame of mind, which the controllers of the propaganda machine either do not perceive or which they choose to blink at. But the man in the street and all the indoctrinees are sensibly aware of it and consequently feel the humiliation keenly. A common topic of conversation among the people, and a constant target of their wit, is that all these new doctrines have been imported into China from Germany and Russia. The remark is often heard: "Isn't Russia a foreign country too?" When Stalin recently celebrated his birthday, the Chinese papers were given over entirely to paeans of praise so fulsome and extravagant as to be nauseating, not to

say blasphemous. The discerning Chinese were visibly saddened and humiliated.

The Communists speak and write much about the nonoccupation of mission properties—churches, rectories, schools, orphanages, hospitals—but in practice these pious protestations are not very convincing. They were never intended to be taken seriously and there is always an escape clause lurking somewhere. Even directives issued by the highest officials and published in the party press are subject to interpretation by local authorities. The occupation of mission buildings is always under the plea of military necessity—a necessity not always apparent to the parties who are being inconvenienced and evicted. It seems all too clear that the occupation of foreign property is but a part of the general strategy to weaken religion and to embarrass the missionaries.

IN THE Passionist Mission of Yuanling, the church, priests' house, hospital, and convent are so far unoccupied. But the missionaries had some bad days when great pressure was brought to bear on them—and even threats resorted to—to force them to give up their properties. A compromise was finally reached. The Boys' School was taken over as an army headquarters (the school being transferred to a nearby temple) and the women's catechumenate commandeered for billets. The Cathedral itself has thus far escaped being requisitioned for a meeting hall, as has happened to cathedrals in many other dioceses. So there has been no disruption of the normal functioning of the mission. Even since the liberation, the attendance at services both on Sundays and weekdays has been above average. Last year on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception there was the public profession of a native Sister of Charity; and on the following Sunday one hundred were confirmed before a crowded congregation. There are more pagans spontaneously coming for in-

structions than heretofore, and numbers of long-stay-aways are returning to the Sacraments. A surprising feature has been that after taking the compulsory indoctrination course from the Communists, numbers of pagans asked for instruction in the Catholic Faith and several Catholics who had not been to church in years came back again.

The situation varies in each town. In one, the missionary was summoned to headquarters for having a big meeting on December 25 (the Christmas Masses) and was also reprimanded for attempting to send cablegrams and inter-Hunan telegrams (Christmas Greetings) without first getting a military permit. In another, the telegraph office begs the mission to send more and more telegrams. Most missions have lost some buildings to the Reds, but only in one has the church been taken over for a meeting hall. For four or five hours every day, this church is filled with civilians being subjected to the compulsory indoctrination course. But a number of the most respected families insist on keeping their daughters under the care of the Sisters, despite the fact that no high school credits can be given. This is an indication of the sentiments of the better class toward the new learning.

While the work of the missions goes on as before and all mission institutions are functioning, this is only at the cost of gnawing anxiety and daily vexations—a condition that wears on the nerves and begets strain. This is cheerfully accepted as an integral part of the present-day apostolate in China. Many sacrifices must be made that the essential ministry may go on. The missionaries even take advantage of the Red troop movements, accompanying them along country roads, to reach Christians in remote districts when the presence of bandits would otherwise prevent a journey.

And the future? Somewhere, no doubt, in what has been written will be found the factor or factors that will ultimately determine the outcome of the present

upheaval in distracted China. On the one hand, there is a ruthless, well-disciplined military clique in absolute control of all the principal cities and highways; this clique has a clearly defined and definite objective; they are sustained by an enthusiasm begotten of past easy successes; they borrow confidence from the prowess of Russia; they count heavily on the recent treaty of mutual assistance. On the other hand, there is the immemorial prejudice of the Chinese people against all things foreign; there are the false principles upon which the new order is being erected; there is the transparent mendacity of the Communist propaganda; there is the insensate extremes to which the new way of life is being foisted upon all classes in the nation; there is the precarious financial structure being built on worthless paper; there is general commercial stagnation from Shanghai to Chungking and from Canton to Peking—everywhere the same story: business, both big and small, being crushed with taxes and closing down; finally, and perhaps herein lies the germ of rapid decomposition, the economic burden of millions of non-productive soldiers and propagandists who must be fed and clothed.

THE extraordinary faculties granted all missionaries operating in the midst of this upheaval is a silent reminder of what the Holy See expects from her priests in China during this crisis. Our Passionist priests already have had opportunities of using some of these to the great spiritual profit of the sorely tried faithful. The physical health of the priests and Sisters, all things considered, is very good, and their spirit splendid. On this score they have much to be thankful for and their thankful acknowledgment goes out to the many friends and benefactors to whose prayers they are indebted for these inestimable favors. They are trusting in those prayers to sustain them in the future!



Fantastic shelters arise against the elements



A coolie driver expectantly awaits a fare



Christmas Club for Christ

The members of our Christmas Club
are practical exponents
of Christ's plea for brotherly love

Dear Father:

Your mighty Mite Box arrived this day. The holy card is lovely. The prayer on the reverse side shall be said frequently. Daily I remember the missionaries and missions.

Your letter is very heartening. Indeed, it is consoling to think that the pennies play so important a part in the work of the missionaries. It makes me feel very humble. Thinking of the great work being done for the love of Christ, I have resolved that I will accept my little crosses with more patience. I am counting on the assistance of the good works of the Passionist Fathers, for impatience is one of my greatest faults.

May God bless the work of all the members of your Congregation. Thank you for the inspiration of your nice letter.

Respectfully yours,

✱ ✱ ✱

Reverend dear Father:

Accept my fervent thanks for the assurance of remembrance by the Passionist Missionaries during the season of Christmas.

Be assured, I do not forget, as the occasions present themselves, to talk about your Penny-a-Day Christmas Club for Christ.

Enclosed you will find the Mite Box savings, and also the amount saved by my husband. We are proud to be members of your Christmas Club.

Respectfully yours,

Dear Father:

Enclosed you will find ten dollars. Seven are from my husband and me. A few words will tell the story of the other three. My grandson had been in the hospital. One night I mentioned I would have to get my pennies ready to send to the missionaries to help the starving, little Chinese children. Now he had a little shoe in which he had been saving pennies to purchase a bicycle. Turning to me he very bravely said: "Nana, I want you to take my pennies and send them to the starving children of China."

Do you not think it was quite some sacrifice for a little fellow of four? Please say a prayer for him.

Yours respectfully,

✱ ✱ ✱

Dear Reverend Father:

You will find enclosed savings from my Penny-a-Day Christmas Club Bank. I was hoping I could make it more, but illness during the year made it almost impossible for me to

keep up. However, I shall try to fill the bank soon.

Due to the fact that I can still use my own Mite Box, I shall pass on to a friend the extra one.

Respectfully,

✱ ✱ ✱

Dear Father:

I belong to the Christmas Club for Christ. But why only give to the missionaries at Christmas? The enclosed is not very much, but perhaps it will buy a hungry soul a loaf of bread.

Sincerely,

✱ ✱ ✱

Dear Father:

Your letter was received Friday. I had hoped to get this letter to you before yours would get to me. Just wanted to beat you to it, that's all.

I am sending you the name of a new member for the Christmas Club. Also you will find my Penny-a-Day savings.

Sincerely,

**A
Penny-a-Day
For
The Missions**

Passionist Missionaries, P. O. Box 41, Union City, N. J.
The undersigned request enrollment in your Christmas Club for Christ. Send Mite Boxes.

Name.....
Street.....
City, State.....
Name.....
Street.....
City, State.....

Books

Edited by Damian Reid, C.P.

WORLD ENOUGH AND TIME

By Robert Penn Warren. 512 pages.
Random House. \$3.50

Mr. Warren's latest book is not just another sexy historical novel. It is more. A superb craftsman, he has described in a racy idiom, often repulsive but sharply accurate, frontier life in Kentucky in the 1820's



R. P. Warren

when politicians "made their rounds of crossroads, courthouses, and barbecues," and "free whisky sloshed like water, eyes were blacked and blood was spilt," and "young men lured the girls off into the thicket."

But the author has more than a story to tell. He is searching for a definition of Justice. Is it just to condemn Jeremiah Beaumont to the gallows after he murders the man who had had premarital relations with the girl he (Beaumont) marries? And even if the desire to do justice "was born," as Beaumont writes in his diary, "in vanity and nursed in pride, is that longing wholly to be damned?"

Enjoying the pseudo freedom of an agnostic, he has no answer after examining the "patterns of famous men, the passions of poems, and the severe thoughts of philosophy." With a tolerant chuckle, Mr. Warren sketches the character of Corinthian McClary, a preacher, who belonged to that "old race of devil-breakers" who fought sin "ferociously for God's sake." How would he rate the efforts of the pioneer priests, Flaget, Badin, and Nerinckx, whom "Justice," bred in the French Revolution, drove to America and on to the Kentucky frontier? Their letters and diaries have been scarcely touched by historians and novelists, but they tell a fascinating story, one of love and kindness, when they brought the Christian concept of justice to the Jeremiah Beaumonts and their ilk.

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT.

JOHN ADAMS AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

By Catherine Drinker Bowen.

699 pages.

Atlantic, Little, Brown & Co. \$5.00
At last John Adams has been removed from his marble pedestal and revealed

as a living human being. Catherine Drinker Bowen, the author of *Beloved Friend and Yankee from Olympus*, has performed this noteworthy task and in so doing has produced a sprightly and readable narrative of revolutionary America.

While the main outlines of this tale are familiar, certain aspects of it are novel and even surprising. We are certainly not accustomed to think of colonial New England as a place where people danced, sang, and drank good Madeira, but Mrs. Bowen shows much of this side of Yankee life. We often forget that the war for American independence was a civil war, dividing friend from friend and brother from brother. Nowhere was this truer than in John Adams' Massachusetts. It does us good, too, to be reminded again that the American Revolution was the work of a determined minority, not the mass uprising of a unanimous people.

The author says that, in writing her book, she "studied the available evidence and on the basis of it, built pictures which to me are consistent with the evidence." That is, she has mingled facts with the product of her imagination. The result, while entertaining and plausible, may annoy the literal-minded and the lovers of unadulterated historical facts. But it will please all who like to see history become living, important, and absorbing. Mrs. Bowen tells a good story and an exciting one.

HENRY L. ROFINOT.

THE LITTLE PRINCESSES

By Marion Crawford.

314 pages.

Harcourt, Brace & Co.

\$3.50

The American reader's love for intimate details about European royalty will not be entirely satisfied with the firsthand account that Miss Crawford gives of her seventeen years with the British Royal Family as governess to the Princesses, Elizabeth, or "Lilibet," as she is called, and Margaret Rose. It is a politely told little memoir of the young Scotswoman who took part in the homey, behind-the-scenes happenings at court functions and during the dangers and difficulties of the war years.

Her aim has been to give portraits of



M. Crawford

the Princesses as two "unspoiled young girls," first, with their fond parents, the Duke and Duchess of York, in their modest house near Hyde Park Corner and then, through their teen years, in the sombre atmosphere of Buckingham Palace.

She is frank, if at times biased, in her appraisals of them. Margaret, she declares, is "the more exacting to work for," and Lilibet, the more affectionate and with "perhaps a firmer grasp of what other people's problems are."

The book is most valuable for its vignettes of the great and near-great who crossed Miss Crawford's path. She has a word for each of them—King George and Queen Elizabeth, whom she greatly admires, George V and the Dowager Queen Mary, who took a hand in the Princesses' education, Churchill, Chamberlain, the Prince Consort Philip, and "Uncle David." The Duchess of Windsor is hurriedly and a bit acidly dismissed.

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT.

BAVARIAN STORY

By Ethel Mannin.

314 pages.

Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc. \$3.00

This is not just another tale of demoralization and regimentation in Nazi Germany, but the story of actual loving, striving men and women living through the tension of war and occupation in one of the loveliest and most Christian corners of the Fatherland. Nowhere else can the conflict between cross and swastika have been more heartbreaking. Nowhere else could its futility have been more evident, since when the National Socialist Movement went down in the stubble and hunger of Allied victory, Bavaria turned back with a kind of divine doggedness to the job of reviving her farms, her trade, her music—and her Passion Play.

As the locale for this slice of life, Ethel Mannin has chosen a typical country town where the winding roads of the ox-carts link up with the "straight, billiard-table-smooth autobahn." For actors she has a typical Catholic family of the middle class: the buxom mother and industrious father; the young son tragi-



E. Mannin

NEWMAN BOOKS

A History of Philosophy

Volume II Medieval Philosophy

Augustine to Scotus

By Frederick Copleston, S.J.

An authoritative survey of the schools of Western thought, from the Patristic period and St. Augustine, through the Carolingian renaissance, St. Bonaventure and St. Thomas Aquinas to Duns Scotus. The author displays the same brilliant exposition and objective critical analysis as in his earlier volume. His works are designed to be standard historical textbooks for all Christian students of philosophy.

614 pages

\$4.50

Your Brown Scapular

By Most Rev. E. K. Lynch, O.Carm.

July 1950 signals the opening of the seventh centenary year of the Brown Scapular. For this anniversary the Prior General of the Carmelite Order has prepared a history of the origin and the spiritual significance of the Scapular. In lucid language he traces the Scapular from the time of Elias down to the present day. He then reminds us of Our Lady's triple promise and the pledge of everlasting salvation to those who wear it faithfully.

141 pages

\$2.50

Benedictine Peace

By Dom Idesbald Van Houtryve

Trans. by Leonard J. Doyle

A discussion of Benedictine ideals against a historical background and an elaboration on the source of peace, the house of peace, and on prayer, work, and asceticism. It lifts a veil, as it were, to reveal that "City of God" where everything is so wisely organized that the simple act of conforming with good-will brings peace to the soul.

235 pages

\$3.50

The Supplication of Souls

By St. Thomas More

Edited by Sister M. Thecla

One of the most cogent and moving appeals ever made for the souls in purgatory, showing the militant Catholicity of More as he defends the clergy against irreverent and unfair attacks.

187 pages

\$2.50

At your bookstore or from

THE NEWMAN PRESS

Catholic Publishers

Westminster, Maryland

cally hypnotized by the Führer's dream of race superiority; the young daughter chiefly interested in her soldier husband; and her devout older sister suddenly faced by the problems of a three-cornered romance with the saintly village organist and a reckless Irish-American G. I.

Miss Mannin has in the past been responsible for some frankly pagan and some frankly Christian work—all admirably written. But there is no doubt at all that few recent Catholic novels have better illustrated both the solidarity and the solace of the Church in our modern world than this Bavarian story.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

THE ENCOUNTER

By Crawford Power.

William Sloane Associates.

310 pages.

\$3.00

Although *The Encounter* is laid in contemporary Maryland and has a priest as protagonist, it would be hard to conceive of a novel written in a spirit of darker Puritanism. Father Cawdor is a cold and austere man, harsh in judging his fellows, unbending, and hypercritical; a Jansenist, with the character defects of a twentieth-century Savonarola or Cotton Mather.

The reason why Father Cawdor leaves his rectory for the Carnival grounds in search of the stunt-diver, Diamond, is vaguely presented—something to do with a dream of an old friend turned Jesuit scholastic. (A less likely man to be swayed by his dreams than Father Cawdor is hard to imagine.)

He meets the diver's mistress, Stella, and starts out to rescue her illegitimate daughter from a brothel keeper and an eventual fate worse than death.

In his search for the little girl, Father Cawdor gains priestly stature and the novel, narrative force; but in general the story is told in low pitch, with Mass-bell sound effects and votive light props giving it an air of religiosity.

A first novel, *The Encounter* has to its credit an unusual plot, and the fact that Power stooped neither to the vulgar nor the sentimental in its execution.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

NO POSTPONEMENT

By John LaFarge, S.J.

246 pages.

Longmans, Green & Co.

\$3.00

A short time ago, the U.S. Supreme Court handed down a unanimous decision barring segregation in two colleges and voiding bias in railroad dining cars. These decisions were based on law. The challenge of *No Postponement*: "U.S. Moral Leadership and the Problem of Racial Minorities" is one that springs from love.

It is delivered by that pioneer in the Catholic Interracial Movement and present chaplain of the Catholic Interracial Council of New York City, the Rev. John LaFarge, S.J.

It is a world challenge he delivers, but the author stresses strongly the fact that U.S. moral leadership, especially in regard to Point Four, will be accepted as sincere by alien peoples and citizens of other nations in direct proportion to the degree to which we solve our own racial problems.

His broad experience in the field of Negro-White relations has not blinded him to the presence of Soviet racism as visited upon minority groups, nor the Latin American's just criticism of our handling of the Mexican minorities in our southwest. Father LaFarge is as well informed on those racial islands (and South Africa's ugly problem, as well) as he is on Harlem or Baltimore or Paradise Valley in Detroit.

The need for true Catholic Action, vital and all-embracing, is a desperate need. Scores of professors and sociologists admit to only vague ideas of God, of rights, of the dignity of man, of the brotherhood of man. In a recent questionnaire many—a substantial majority—endorsed divorce, sterilization, contraceptives, Darwinism, and rejected God as a personal Being.

True justice cannot come from them. It must come from those who love their fellow man and will act for him and with him in Christ. Catholics must take the lead, if they are to regard the Faith as an integral matter. In this highly competent work, Father LaFarge sets the pattern after giving the challenge.

JOHN O'CONNOR.

FOLLOW, AS THE NIGHT

By Pat McGerr.

222 pages.

Doubleday & Co., Inc.

\$2.25

Even those readers who habitually avoid murder stories will like this one by the winner of the first place prize in the Catholic Press Association Short Story Contest. Miss McGerr's plot is a skillful harmony of character and action.

Larry Rock, formerly Lorenzo de Rocca, is a successful writer and self-made man, pathologically ashamed of his childhood in the slums. Each of the four women in his life has been coldly used to serve his greed for power and prestige.

His first wife, Shannon, loves him and attempts to make him look realistically at life. He retaliates by divorcing her for a more beautiful and calculating actress. Dissatisfied, he learns to hate her, acquires a mistress and a fiancée, daughter of the head of his newspaper chain. As these four women come to complicate his life and hinder his self-aggrandizement, he determines to eliminate one of them. An intimate dinner party is arranged at his penthouse apartment,

after which one of the women will "fall" through a loose portion of the terrace railing. The women gather and survey each other, reminiscing on their part in Rock's life. Each might be a possible victim, but the reader is kept guessing until the end.

Rock and his women are a carefully drawn group of characters, complex and human, except for Shannon, whose unrelieved patience presents a stark white contrast to Rock's more credible shades of black.

PAULA BOWES.

DEMOCRACY IN POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

By Charles P. Taft. 69 pages.
Farrar, Straus & Co. \$2.00

Younger son of President William Howard Taft, younger brother of Senator Robert Taft, and himself the first layman to hold the office of President of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, Charles Phelps Taft is a worried Protestant capitalist. He is worried because he sees religious influence on American daily life practically at an ebb. He is a worried Protestant because he knows that democracy itself cannot long survive without religion. He is a worried Protestant capitalist because he knows that the irreligion of our economy is inevitably spelling the doom of the free enterprise system as we know it.

With Mr. Taft's worries, there can be no argument. With his contention that Christianity must be a working force in the market place there can be no opposition. He is absolutely right in his insistence that the Church must guide the businessman and the laborer.

But unfortunately, all Mr. Taft's scholarship seems to have been derived solely from Protestant sources. This explains, for example, why he seems not to know that the theory of democracy did not begin in Protestant England with the Puritans. Even more unfortunately for practical application to the socio-political-economic problems of today, he seems totally unconversant with Catholic social teaching. Were this not so, Mr. Taft, we think, would have produced a better balanced book on the religious sources of democracy and the application of Christian principles to daily living.

DAVID BULMAN, C.P.

MARIA GORETTI

By C. E. McGuire. 94 pages.
Catholic Book Pub. Co. \$1.25

A most ominous fact about current American life is that the public so readily denies credit to real heroes and bestows it on phonies who can pay for a lot of publicity. Citizens who have never been informed of the fiercely dramatic defense of the Alcazar are called upon even yet to applaud popular en-

ertainers for having toured the world during the war giving performances for service men. Not only was there normally nothing heroic about such treks; but they have been made to pay off a hundred times over in publicity value.

Maria Goretti, however, was the real thing. A true hero—but one of the neglected ones. A little girl of twelve, she defended her purity even to a death that was inflicted by fourteen stab wounds. And to prevent her attacker from getting the idea that she was being merely fastidious, she stated her motive: "It is a sin. God does not want it. You will go to hell."

Most twelve-year-old girls in the United States would not understand that language. Many of the mothers of such girls would not want them to understand — or applaud. Particularly mothers whose marital honor has become somewhat bleached from frequent trips to the divorce court.

It is reported that a very effective Italian film story of Maria Goretti's life has failed to find an American distributor because of probable public apathy to the purity theme. And the plans—massive even among canonization plans—which were made in Rome for her canonization, were explained by the *New York Times* correspondent as largely responsible to the fact that the purity motif profoundly impressed Italians. The very correct implication is that it would not have nearly so much attraction for Americans.

The author of *Maria Goretti* tells the appealing story of Maria with appropriate emphasis on her heroism and holiness. The reader will be more than edified. He will be helping to defeat at least one conspiracy in which the bad old world strives to blacken wholesomeness or beauty by remaining cynically silent about it.

HENRY EDWARDS.

ON THE WISDOM OF AMERICA

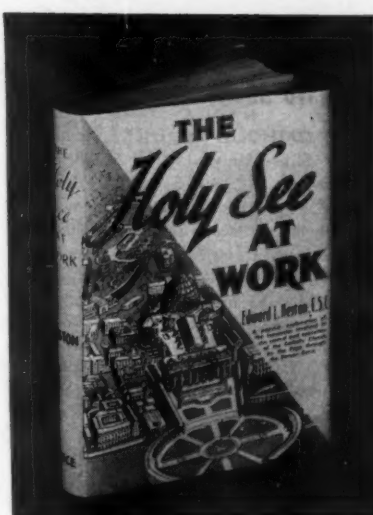
By Lin Yutang. 462 pages.
The John Day Co. \$5.00

"My quest is a quest for American wisdom about living," states Lin Yutang. "Wisdom for me . . . consists in a keen sense of what we are not—that we are not gods, for instance—coupled with a willingness to face life as it is; in other words, it consists of two things, a wistfulness about living and common sense." By common sense he means "have faith in experience." Wistfulness about living remains nebulous.

"Truth we shall never know, it is only clarity we are striving for," he re-



Lin Yutang



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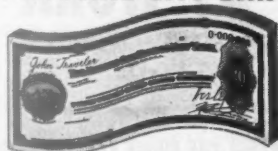
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minds us. After reading the samples of Emerson, Thoreau, Franklin, Santayana, David Grayson, et al., together with the author's comments, the reader may be wistful but remain confused.

Lin Yutang never got over his Presbyterian childhood. In his revolt against a gloomy Calvinism he reveals a distorted idea of Christianity. "The Christian teaching," he says, "seems to be, avoid pleasures on earth and ye may not have to avoid them in heaven." The pursuit of happiness in this life is all that matters. "Without wanting to be brutal about it," he states, "we may say that happiness that we are capable of in this life is very often 'animal happiness.'"

Lin Yutang admits that "No civilization can exist without some fairly stable ideas of man, his history, God, the soul, the universe, and the purpose of man's existence," but all he offers his readers is a curious blend of hedonism, sentimentality, and humanitarianism. He admires Professor John Dewey's writings "couched in sentences of sustained dilution." That phrase aptly sums up Lin Yutang's own comments.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

HANDS TO THE NEEDY

Sister M. Pauline Fitts. 336 pages.
Doubleday & Co. \$3.00

This is the interesting story of a dynamic woman who rarely waited for things to happen, but courageously and perseveringly molded events and even adversity to fit in the universal pattern of her dreams for a better world. Possessed of charm and remarkable vitality, Marguerite Lajemmerais was equal to the challenge of a spirited age which demanded, even for survival, such pioneer and basic qualities as simplicity, adaptability, resourcefulness, and a will to endure hardship.

Circumstances of birth and fortune were the precious means Providence used to help her become in later years "all things" to the poor whom she so deeply loved. Her father was a soldier; her mother, the daughter of an officer. Later, she had as stepfather an Irish medical practitioner. Two of her brothers became priests, and this circumstance was evenly matched when two of her own sons were ordained. Her husband, Francois d'Youville, was no true complement to her sterling personality, immersed as he was in an underhanded liquor traffic with the Indians. Marguerite's father-in-law had married first an Indian girl and subsequently a wealthy widow. This latter was responsible for typical mother-in-law trouble, a source of irritation and hurt pride in the nascent d'Youville home.

After her husband's death, Marguerite broke the confines of her own home and widened her field of endeavor into a general apostolate for the unwanted

poor. Within a short time, a new community of nuns emerged. The religious were contemptuously referred to as "The Drunken Sisters" (Les Soeurs Grises) but Mother d'Youville, with humor and humility, preserving the appellation, changed its connotation to "The Grey Nuns."

Hands to the Needy is a creditable contribution to the written history of a colorful era and a fitting tribute to a valiant woman, whom, let us hope, the Church some day will canonize.

NORBERT HERMAN, C.P.

SAN GENNARO NEVER SAYS NO

By Giuseppe Marotta. 255 pages.
E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00

May Giuseppe Marotta never surrender to the temptation to make a "fast buck." He wields a fine, airy pen with prodigious artistic power. But he could be spoiled by being expected to gush quality writing every time an agent wants to turn on the tap. We hope he will always have time to do his best. For his best is wonderfully good. It should be stockpiled safely aside from the mills that grind out the common commercial variety of literary grist.

The San Gennaro book has all the characteristics and character of *The Treasure of Naples*—a profound firsthand knowledge of Neapolitan society particularly in its lower brackets, an alert eye for the more interesting samples of Italian character, a great good nature and sense of humorous compassion, refreshingly pretty little patterns of metaphoric fancy, good story telling, and always a story worth telling.

Marotta's writing has the finish and cautious elaboration that is associated with the best of our smart magazines, but none of the ennui, cynicism, and high-life lacquer that is also associated with them. He sneers at nobody—not even the fat, female, black-market operator of the Via Forcella, nor at Don Michele, the cuckold and lottery counsel, nor at Giuseppe Rossetti, the swelled-headed but musically untutored composer of immensely popular songs.

If you like great writing and pleasant company, don't fail to get a copy of *San Gennaro Never Says No* and have it handy on a bookshelf next to *The Treasure of Naples*, which should be there also.

ANN C. TURNER.

HERE'S ENGLAND

By R. McKenney-R. Bransten. 378 pages.
Harper & Bros. \$3.75

Here's England, subtitled "A Highly Informal Guide." Had the authors stuck to their original promise, this reviewer



G. Marotta

would have hailed their effort as lively, witty, and fairly comprehensive. However, a large portion of the book is devoted to English history: that version which covers the crimes of the Reformation with a general coat of whitewash.

It is impossible to deal point by point with these half-truths, falsehoods, and innuendoes. One fact will serve as an instance: Henry VIII is portrayed at great length as the crusading monarch who "broke the power of the medieval Church to make a brave new England." He sacked and burned monasteries, murdered religious, plundered the tombs of saints (the more richly ornamented ones, of course) with this high motive in mind, aside from the secondary motive of enriching Henry.

Actually, however, Henry did not set out to destroy the Church. He set out to obtain a divorce from Catherine of Aragon in order to marry Anne Boleyn. His long quarrel with Rome came over the refusal of the Pope to grant the divorce. The heresy which made England Protestant was the creation of later politicians. Henry's daughter, Elizabeth, was crowned Queen of England after the Catholic rite and took an oath to support the Catholic faith. As a matter of political expediency she went along with the powerful Protestant nobles who despoiled the Church.

English history has been a heavily guarded secret from English-speaking people, and none are so ignorant of the origin of British Protestantism as the British themselves. It may take a few more generations for the truth to leak out if romantic historians like McKenney and Bransten keep plugging their fingers into the dike.

ANNE CYR.

A SEGMENT OF MY TIMES

By Joseph M. Proskauer. 270 pages.
Farrar, Straus & Co., Inc. \$3.00

Mr. Proskauer is a distinguished lawyer, several times manager of Alfred E. Smith's gubernatorial campaigns, a former justice of the Supreme Court of New York, and a leader in many outstanding humanitarian and philanthropic movements. In a disarming and humble preface to his book, he refers to himself as merely an "adjutant" whose life has "touched closely upon great events, yet . . . fallen short of highest command." While this statement is factually true, it is false in diminishing the stature of its author. For *A Segment of My Times* gives a picture of a great and sincere person, one who has been correctly called by Cardinal Spellman "An Apostle of Americanism."

Perhaps nowhere else will the reader find a more vivid portrayal of Al Smith. The Happy Warrior is recalled in all his spontaneous vitality. Surely, no other writer has ever apostrophized him with such glowing sincerity as does Mr. Pros-



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kauer. In addition, he throws an intimate light on the relationship between the late President Roosevelt and his predecessor as Governor of New York. Naturally and admittedly, this picture is affected by an evident love for Smith, but nevertheless anyone really interested in the rather tragic tale of their break must consider this contribution to its explanation.

Some may oppose the legal philosophy and disquisitions on government and economics which are here presented. But scarcely anyone will not be interested and moved by this story of a "good fight and . . . [a] race . . . well run." It tells the history of a man who has truly loved his fellow men.

H. L. ROFINOT.

I CHOSE JUSTICE

By Victor Kravchenko. 189 pages.
Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.75

Victor Kravchenko's previous book *I Chose Freedom*, a damning indictment of the Soviet regime, was a best seller. Kravchenko is the former member of the Soviet Purchasing Commission who came to this country during the war and renounced Communism. In 1947, a French literary weekly charged that *I Chose Freedom* was a fake concocted by the American Office of Strategic Services. Kravchenko sued for libel in Paris. This book is an account of the trial. The author states that the trial cost him \$70,000 of the royalties he had received from his book.

The trial created sustained excitement in the European press during the two months it lasted. The American press, however, did not seem to recognize its significance. As Kravchenko had foreseen, the trial developed into a defense of the Soviets. Witnesses for the defense were flown into Paris by the Kremlin. Kravchenko obtained his witnesses from the D.P. camps. Instead of attempting to refute the facts in the book, the defense tried to besmirch Kravchenko's character. His divorced wife, obviously testifying under duress, tried to prove Kravchenko lied, but her charges backfired ridiculously. The final result was a triumphant vindication of Kravchenko and a severe propaganda setback for the Reds.

As a well-documented exposure of the Soviet regime, this book is powerful. It is doubtful whether the book will have the same popular appeal as *I Chose Freedom*, but it is a vital part of the record that will enrage Red supporters.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

THE IRREVERENT MR. MENCKEN

By Edgar Kemler. 317 pages.
Atlantic, Little, Brown & Co. \$3.50

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EXCELSIOR GREETINGS

5938 Fieldston Road, New York 63, N. Y.

this highly readable biography a mass of interesting material (some idle chit-chat) about the life and career of Baltimore's roaring literary skeptic of the mid half-century years.

While the 1950 reader will undoubtedly oppose many of the social, political, and literary theories championed by Mr. Mencken, he, nevertheless, will also become aware of the wide influence this American Shaw exerted over the literary and intellectual thinking during his journalistic heyday.

One Mencken tragedy, as Mr. Kemler so clearly defines it, is that the Baltimore editor abused his gifts. As a literary artist, he might have devoted himself to a work of major significance; instead, he was satisfied to play ring master for the passing parade—providing, of course, that he received top billing. His pro-Kaiser, Boston arrest, and Anti-New Deal stands were but three of countless cases in point. With the possible exception of *The American Language*, he has produced no work likely to endure.

Mr. Mencken, influenced by Nietzsche, early in his career dedicated his life to overthrowing superstitions and unreasoning faith. A second Mencken tragedy is that while he led the fight against these forces in one era, he ironically fell into his own trap and became the spokesman of similar disillusionments of the succeeding decade.

There is much excellent social history to be found within these Mencken chapters. Twelve photographs, ten pages of chapter references, a chronology of Mencken's books, and a complete Index round out what to this reviewer is a worthwhile biography, albeit the last chapter of Mr. Mencken's life still remains to be written.

WILLIAM MILLER BURKE.

COMES THE COMRADE

By Alexandra Orme. 376 pages.
William Morrow & Co. \$4.00

Everybody talks about the Russians—but actually few of us really know much about them. The author of this book does. She is a Polish citizen, using the pseudonym of Alexandra Orme to protect relatives, survivors of the Nazi blitz in Warsaw, who are still living in the Russian zone. She knows whereof she speaks.

She had to learn how to get along with the Comrades the hard way. When they entered the little Hungarian town of Mora in December, 1944, to "liberate" the village, she was the only inhabitant who could converse in Russian. The Comrades extended their stay until Easter, 1945, and their "liberating" in any other language would be called pilaging and plundering.

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wise, and lively story of her personal cold war with the invaders no more relaxing nor less exasperating an experience than our U.N. delegates have encountered at the conference table. But the book is a 376-page eye opener for those as yet uninformed about why the Russians think and act the way they do.

This reviewer did not find the book as "amusing and gay" as the Book-of-the-Month Club blurb on the jacket promised. But it is worth reading if only to hear what a dispassionate, intelligent, cultured firsthand observer feels about the people behind the Iron Curtain. It is definitely a diary which social historians will view as a valuable study of how people of different nations react to each other in the actual heat and heat of an invasion such as too many of them have been experiencing in the last decade.

TRUDY HOWARD.

EASY DOES IT: THE STORY OF MAC

By Hugh Reilly.

P. J. Kennedy & Sons.

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This book presents the very latest findings in this important field, and both the problems and the cures are very entertainingly woven into the story of Mac. Since there are about 750,000 known "Macs" and "Marys" in this country the book deserves a wide circulation. We recommend it to all who are interested or in anyway affected by this problem.

WILFRED SCANLON, C.P.

SHORT NOTICES

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR. By Reginald Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P. 748 pages. B. Herder Co. \$9.00. This is a commentary on the third part of St Thomas' *Summa Theologica*. It presents what is exclusively the theology of Christianity—the facts about the nature and redemptive mission of Christ. It follows St. Thomas' masterful speculations concerning the two natures in Christ and their union in the one person of the Eternal Word, the contribution which each of these two natures made to the redemptive enterprise of the Saviour, and the method by which the redemptive debt was paid by the Christ, the new Adam and hero of His people. The author is the renowned Dominican master who is acknowledged to be one of the greatest living theologians and one of a distinguished line of Thomist commentators on St. Thomas. Anyone who is interested in building up a select library of theology or sacred science will need only to know of the appearance of this book on the literary market. It is indispensable to such a library.

THE HOLY SEE AT WORK. By Edward L. Heston, C.S.C. 138 pages. Bruce. \$2.50. From the offhand way in which Catholics and Catholic affairs are dismissed by certain elements in the United States, both Catholic and non-Catholic Americans may acquire a deceptively meager notion of the size of the Church and the vastness of her organization. One corrective for this naive impression is recollection of the fact that the Catholic Church, in membership, is nearly three times the size of the United States of America. It is about twice the size of the whole Protestant world. And it is one organization, whereas the Protestant world is hundreds of separate organizations. All this would call for a highly elaborate system of papal bureaus and personnel. Father Heston takes apart the machinery of the central Church government and describes the function of each of its principal parts. Important for the general reader is the fact that he does it painlessly, in the straightforward style of the reporter rather than in the precise but chilly manner of the legal commentator.

MOMENTS OF LIGHT. By Hubert van Zeller, O.S.B. 183 pages. Burns Oates. \$2.50.

FAMINE OF THE SPIRIT. By Hubert van Zeller, O.S.B. 171 pages. Burns Oates. \$2.50. These two books may be described by a variety of names, all of which mean the same thing. They are books of spiritual direction. Or they are books on the interior life. Or they are practical meditations on spiritual problems. Make your own choice of what to call them; actually they are Dom Hubert's reflections on nearly all of the crises which can overtake the soul on its march to the heights of holiness. Each thought is set down in a brief paragraph or two. It is conveniently thinned so as not to tax the mind by its weight. It is packaged in a small, neat bundle so as not to discourage the reader who wants to pick up a solid thought without too much foraging. Both of these volumes are stamped with the characteristics of all of Dom Hubert's work—intense spiritual ideals, clarity, an eye for the more significant aspects of his subject.

LOCAL GIRL MAKES GOOD

(Continued from page 19)

with a girlish blouse. He is wearing shorts and a plain white T-shirt. Yes, they can skate, but nothing special. Nothing out of the ordinary. Waltz-smaltz, that's all. But as I watch them I see what they have, just as everyone else is seeing it, including Mr. Stacey. They're in love, and somehow, don't ask me how, it shines through.

"That'll be enough," Mr. Stacey calls out. "A little green for a top spot, but it's got boy-and-girl charm, and that's what the family trade comes to see. Karen Williams and Steve Nowell—team number one," he announces.

Steve kneels down to tighten Karen's shoelaces. A couple of flashbulbs go off, and I see by the gleam in the press agent's eyes that he knows a good follow-up when he sees one and that he means to play this one for all it's worth.

Oh, well, no hard feelings. I'm the very first to congratulate Karen and Steve, especially since I can see the florist's delivery boy at the door with my three dozen roses. There is room for eleven more teams; and with my prospects the way they are I'd be the last person in the world to complain because a couple of clean, honest kids got their break without lifting a finger to earn it.

Across the ice comes the delivery boy with my roses, paging me at the top of his voice. I let him come right up to where all of us are standing, and when I accept the flowers I make sure Mr. Stacey realizes who they are from.

"Oh, they're beautiful!" I squeal. "Mr. Brownlee shouldn't have done it!"

There I am, the center of all eyes again, with my arms full of roses which have been sent to me, as everyone thinks, by the outside money. Only Joey laughs, and it does my heart good to see how quickly Mr. Stacey shuts him up. Even behind those dark glasses, Mr. Stacey seems impressed.

"So these flowers are from Mr. Brownlee, eh?"

I show him the card.

"And he's a good friend of yours, eh?"

I shrug. After all, nobody sends flowers to a stranger.

"Um-m-m." Mr. Stacey rubs his chin, and I think I can see good news for me on his stony face. "You know what?" he says finally. "I'm going to give you a break."

"Well, fine, Mr. Stacey!"

"Yes, I'm going to give you a real break," he goes on. "I'm going to pair you off with Joey."

"Joey? You mean—him?"

"Why not?"

"But, Mr. Stacey . . ."

The director holds up his hand. "No argument," he says. "This is Mr. Brownlee's idea, not mine. And you know how he is, once he makes up his mind."

"Yeah, I know."

I don't know, but what else can I say? What else can I do but drop the flowers on the nearest seats and skate off to one end of the ice with Joey.

"What's the act, joker?" I breeze sportily. "Do I play the part of a scrub-woman and end up in a bucket? Or do I skate around on stilts and end up on my nose?"

"You just end up," he grins.

He shows me how to get into the padded bustle with the long flowing tail in back. He shows me how to hang on to the leather straps which are sewn to his trousers, and he warns me to keep my head down so that it won't show like a hump from the outside.

Yeah, you've guessed it.

We're a skating horse, and I'm the back end.

"Dark in here, ain't it?" Joey says.

It's dark all right, and plenty hot as we skate around. Don't get me wrong. I'm not complaining. This is show busi-

Double-Cross



► The little girl was inconsolable. "Mommy just drowned one of my kittens," she sobbed.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart," her father said, drying her tears, "but maybe she had to do it."

"No, she didn't," protested his daughter tearfully. "She promised me I could!"

—Teresa Connell

ness, and I can be a trouper when I have to be. But I have one question.

"How come, Joey?" I say. "Mr. Brownlee is the outside money, and Mr. Stacey is supposed to be eating out of his hand. Mr. Brownlee sends me flowers, and yet Mr. Stacey sticks me with this. I don't understand."

"I'll put you wise," Joey croaks from the horse's head. "There ain't no Mr. Brownlee. Get it?"

Joey chuckles and lifts one skate to scratch his hindquarters—me, that is. When I try to kick back he catches my foot and the other leg flies out from under me. And there I am, Linda Green, the smartest gal on Broadway, sliding across the ice on the seat of my horse pants—with everybody in the Garden, including Mr. Stacey and the two nice kids from Minnesota, laughing as if they thought it was the funniest sight they ever saw.

This act will bring down the house, Linda, I tell myself happily. It'll wow 'em in the aisles.



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SOMETHING BIG

(Continued from page 55)

"Was it—was it Ellen Clark you said you'd take to the dance?"

"Yep. It was Ellen." Vern slapped his brother on the back. "You know what I'm going to do when we get ashore? I'm going to make a date with her for next Saturday night, and by golly I mean to keep it. She's a fine girl. You ought to get yourself a girl, Marty."

"Sure," Marty said. "Oh, sure."

The lobster boat that came out for them crept to the lee side of the rock and took them off without mishap, and Vern talked all the way to the Norport dock, laughing and shouting as if the whole thing had been a lark. Marty just sat and said nothing.

He supposed Ellen would be on the dock, waiting. He was right. She stood there in a shining yellow slicker, with her dark hair blowing—pretty as a picture in the pale dawnlight.

Vern made straight for her, holding out his arms.

But she was running past him, with her arms outstretched. There in front of the whole crowd on the dock she caught hold of Marty. Clung to him.

Marty didn't know what to think. He knew what to do, though. He put his arms around her, tight.

Vern, standing there empty-handed, had his mouth open like a fish. Some of the other men grinned and looked away.

LATER, when he'd changed into clothes belonging to her brother and was sitting in her parlor, Marty said, still dazed, "Vern said you had a date with him last night, for the dance."

Her soft laugh was the sweetest music he ever hoped to hear. "Vern made the date, not me," she said. "I had a date with you."

"But I never asked you. . . ."

"You promised me something. When you didn't come, I began to be uneasy. I knew you wouldn't forget."

More bewildered than ever, Marty fumbled for the bit of quartz that Vern had said was no fit gift for a girl. "You mean—this?"

"And what was to go with it," Ellen said, and kissed him again, her eyes full of the firelight. "Marty Bennett, don't you think a girl knows anything? Don't you think she knows—after waiting months and months—when the thing she's been waiting for is about to happen?"

Marty sighed. He guessed he never would understand girls.

But, then, maybe a man didn't have to.

HUGH B. CAVE has written for "Collier's," "Saturday Evening Post," and other well-known publications.

LETTERS



"Industry Councils"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Enthusiastic commendation for the article entitled "Industry Councils" in the May issue, by Most Rev. Karl J. Alter, D.D. The article shows a scholarly understanding of economics and a sincere desire to be both fair and practical, whether one wholly agrees with it or not.

By contrast, the editorial "Unions Never Satisfied" is unfair in misusing statistics to bolster a false conclusion.

HERMAN F. ARENDIZ

Cocoa, Fla.

Teen-Age Saint

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I would like to congratulate you on the publication of "Teen-Age Saint" by Alfred MacConastair, C.P. Since I also am a teen-ager, of fourteen, this story has made a deep impression on me, and I shall encourage all my friends to read it.

CAROL FEHN

Evansville, Ind.

"Adios"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The short story "Adios" in the June issue is in our opinion immoral. Does the end justify the means? Does reputation for bravery (feigned at that) justify a lie? According to the author it does; this is accentuated by the two-line lead written directly below the title. Is that parental love or an apish imitation of love which would sacrifice a Christian preparation for death and its acceptance in a spirit of reparation for a trifling bauble of public opinion? All of our answers are "No." What is yours?

FACULTY OF A CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL
St. Louis, Mo.

Editors' Note: Neither the editors nor the author approved of the means used by the mother. The whole point of the story is to show that a mother will use every effort, even though mistaken, for the sake of her child.

Editorials

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have read your editorial in the June issue, "Should We Scuttle the U.N.?"—and my answer is yes. If we don't it will scuttle the Catholic Church. You people should see it, but I am sorry to say you don't.

The U.N. is Roosevelt's baby, and he nearly scuttled our Church. Ask Cardinal Mindszenty and those two hundred or more priests and several bishops now in jail. He sold twenty million Catholics (Poland) down the river at Yalta.

JOSEPH F. BERNIER

Chicago, Ill.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I wish to comment on two statements in the June issue of your magazine. First, your caption under the photo of Sir Basil Brooke, intimating that you would be glad to see Sir Basil lose out on his hunt for needed American investors. I think that this is a rather petty opinion to hold, in that Northern Ireland has voted to stay with England.

Second, your statement that the United Nations might still work in your editorial. You contradicted yourself in "Current Fact and Comment" when you said: "So long as both capitalism and socialism remain we cannot have peace." If this is true, then no body, such as the United Nations, which seeks to bring together two opposite ideologies, can succeed.

BRUCE A. McALLISTER

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I was interested in the subject entitled "The Question of Hiring Halls" which evidently was inspired by a labor leader. ("Current Fact and Comment," June issue.)

As far as the hiring halls on the Great Lakes are concerned, the Lake Carriers' Association maintains a commissioner at various ports to assign positions to seamen, and men were free to apply and were given assignments for the particular work they intended to do and without discrimination except where character or physical condition was involved.

Some years ago, the different steamship companies engaged a personnel manager, and shipping is done direct especially commencing in the spring.

The Lake Carriers' Shipping Halls are mostly used for emergencies. A departure from shipping all the men from the halls was done because there were many instances where a man would be discharged for valid reasons and the same day was shipped on another boat of the same management all because the shipping halls did not have a record of his discharge or his deficiencies.

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man is free to apply for a position, and there are no rackets, gang wars, discrimination, and murder as intimated in your article.

I'm not familiar with the customs on salt water, but if hiring was done there the same way as it's done on the Lakes there would be no fault to find.

I can visualize objection to the union hiring halls.

A.E.R. SCHNEIDER

Cleveland, Ohio

Editorial Picture

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I was reading through the June issue of THE SIGN, and on page nine is a picture of a group of IUE-CIO (right-wing) officers of Local 601, Westinghouse, East Pittsburgh.

The cut lines are rather vague, and the last—"Do these fist-swinging Reds deserve an even break here?"—might be misleading inasmuch as several of those pictured have their fists showing.

I recognize the group because this is my picture—taken for the *Pittsburgh Press* where I am employed as a reporter-photographer and sent out through the nation via Acme Wire Service.

I just wanted to clear up any misunderstanding which might develop. This is part of the group which has been waging such a strong battle against the UE leadership, accused many times of being Communists, and which they so valiantly defeated in a NLRB election June 1 by 258 votes.

ASA A. ATWATER

McKeesport, Pa.

Editors' Note: The raised fists fooled us, but the comment is still valid.

Protestants in Spain

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Thanks very much for the article by Senator Owen Brewster, "Protestants in Spain." If we might make a suggestion to other readers of The Sign, we would like to suggest that they send a note of appreciation to the Senator at Washington and tell him about his article.

JOHN S. WHITTLE

Covington, Ky.

"Family Life and Income"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read with much interest the article by Most Rev. Francis J. Haas, "Family Life and Family Income," in the June issue. It said that on February 28, 1950, the Women's Bureau reported: "Of 26 1/5 million married women, 15 to 49 years of age, who were living with their husbands in April, 1949, somewhat over a fourth were either working or looking for work outside the home. More than 10 2/3 million were mothers of children under 5, and of these a tenth were in the labor force." The article further stated that, ordinarily, married women work because they must do so, either to provide a livelihood for themselves or for their dependents.

What about mothers, many of them with large families, who stay at home where they belong and whose husbands also have

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Orchids

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

THE SIGN, in my estimation, is the finest and most interesting Catholic periodical on the market today.

But I'm wishing we Catholics would exert a little more Christian charity and place this excellent magazine in the hands of unbelievers, non-Catholics, and others. If ever Americans need a lucid and correct viewpoint on world events, it is during this crucial hour.

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ANN CONRAD

Atlantic City, N. J.

Baby-Spacing Legend

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

As an expectant father, I was overjoyed in reading such an excellent and truthful article entitled "The Baby-Spacing Legend" by Mr. Vincent W. Hartnett.

More articles of that type and more men with the moral convictions of Mr. Hartnett are what this country sorely needs.

JOHN M. HAND

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Thank you for the article, "The Baby-Spacing Legend," by Vincent W. Hartnett. I have always been opposed to planned parenthooders and baby spacing. I have four living children and my last baby died over two years ago.

(MRS.) MARY L. HEYBRUCK

Kingston, N. Y.

Catholic Viewpoints

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Frankly, I was delighted and enlightened as I read THE SIGN for May, 1950. It is just beginning to dawn on me that being a Catholic puts me into a fight against the devil in spirit and in the myriad disguises he assumes in people, in writing, in entertainment, in most anything.

Separating the wheat from the chaff is a hard task, and THE SIGN is the sign to follow in order to bring in the harvest that counts in eternity.

JOSEPH P. MOHR

Chicago, Ill.

"Ann Glover"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I would like to commend Mr. Doran Hurley for his very fine article on Goody Glover. It would be hard to find a nobler

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example of the Christian spirit and the tenacity of her race in the face of persecution and death than Ann Glover.

However, Goody Ann Glover has not been completely forgotten by the people of Boston. Recently a society was founded for the preservation of her beloved Gaelic and has been dedicated to her under the name of *Cumann na Gaedhilge Ghuide Ni Ghlóibheir*—The Goody Glover Gaelic Society.

PATRICK DALY, SECRETARY

The Goody Glover Gaelic Society
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Woman to Woman

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Reading through your magazine, I came upon an article by Mrs. Burton in the June issue. Now I hope, without being neurotically guilty of looking for snakes under the carpet, to warn you that all such peace organizations should be suspect, because although an old line it is my opinion that the Communist Party is driving with renewed force on two lines—outlawing of atom and peace.

Now as Catholics we want peace (real peace) but we have to be ready to counter any moves to impose a false peace on us while infiltration, corruption, dishonorable appeasement, etc., go right on under our noses.

MRS. EMILY AUBER

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Let Nothing You Dismay"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN

I enjoy THE SIGN very much. I mostly enjoyed "Let Nothing You Dismay" and "The Little Red Schoolhouse." Keep up the good work.

MARYELLEN REGIS

New Rochelle, N. Y.

A Pat on the Back

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The Sunday the Passionist Father came to our little church to take subscriptions to THE SIGN was a fortunate day. We were introduced to a very fine and wonderful magazine. I am glad I subscribed.

MRS. WOODROW STONE

Waynesboro, Va.

Appeal For Literature

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The Senatus at Madras, India, is opening a Catholic Information Center for the benefit of the non-Catholics of Madras. We have a free reading room, wherein we have some eight hundred books pertaining to our religion donated by His Grace Dr. L. Mathias, Archbishop of Madras. But we require some interesting Catholic periodicals and pamphlets. Hence, I appeal to you to send to me for our Catholic Information Center your back numbers of your periodicals and pamphlets.

(MRS.) REGINA DORAI RAJ,
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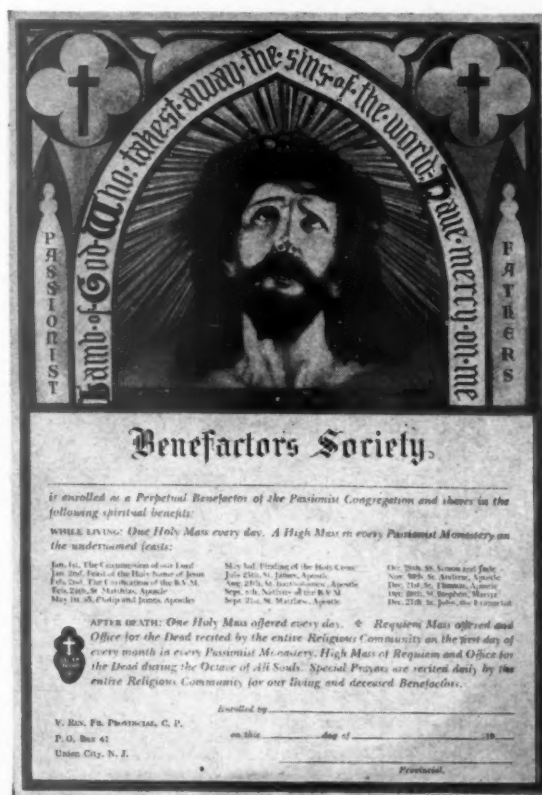
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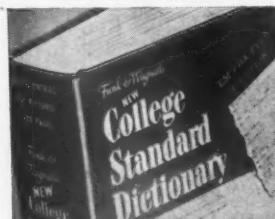
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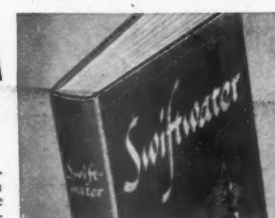
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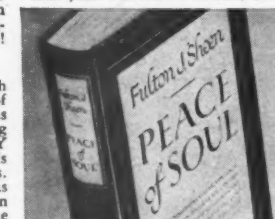
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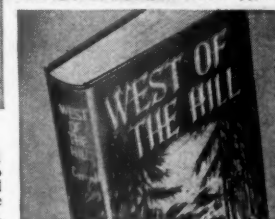
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